



# The Human Brotherhood.

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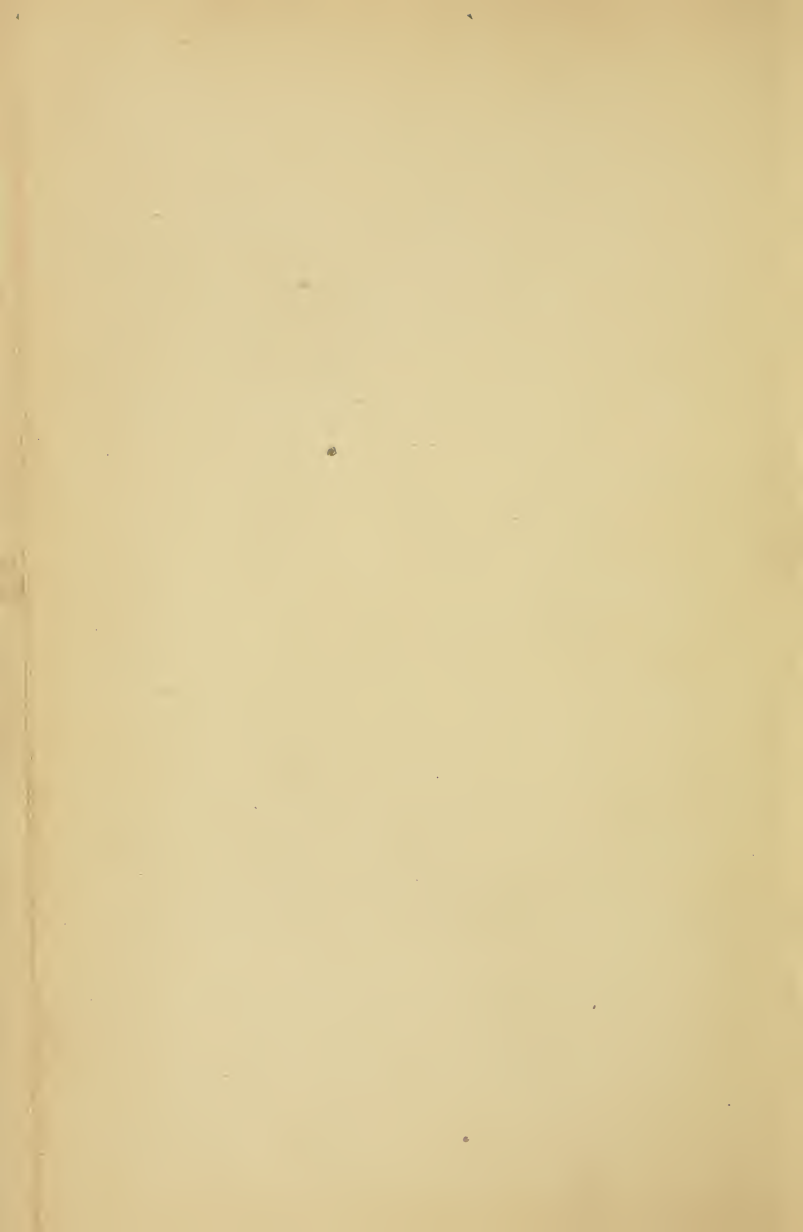
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









THE

\*Human\*Brotherhood\*

—AND—

A PSALM OF FAITH.

TWO POEMS.

✓  
BY THOMAS NIELD.



THE CHURCH AT WORK PUB. CO.,  
3½ East Washington Street, (Blackford Block,)  
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# PROEM.

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Whoe'er thou art whose eye may scan our page,  
Prepare thyself to wrestle with the truth;  
And if she throw thee, own the mastery  
And thenceforth love her ardently, and serve.

Be thou a self-appointed censor, if  
Thou wilt. Apply thy square and compass to  
Our work; yet know its aim and purpose, and  
Its architectural order, at the start.

We stand upon a promontory and  
Behold the billows of a world, and fain  
Would rear a lighthouse, that the nations may  
Avoid the reefs where countless corpses lie.

We copy not the pyramids, nor Greek  
Nor Gothic forms, but, building for the years  
To be, with the materials at our hand,  
Create an order of utility.

Our purpose on the front is clearly seen,  
As night's queen-star upon her azure throne,  
With enigmatic prophecies in rear;  
The whole an ideal for the coming time.

Whate'er it be it is our own. For e'en  
One's selfishness asks honesty ; since to  
Attempt a literary theft, with a  
Detective shadowing every line, were vain.

Then take it as it is for what it is.  
If 'tis adapted to its purpose, well ;  
For 'tis perfection in the workman's style  
To make his product serve the purpose sought.

In parting, listen to our closing psalm,  
As to the echo of our former strokes  
Upon the granite. May they leave within  
Thy soul the impulse to a kindred faith.



# THE HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

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## CHAPTER I.

SCENE—*On the Street.*

NORTON. Good day, Gillespie! for the day is good  
That brings such tidings as this day has brought,  
Though, like a welcome rain, it comes with clouds

GILLESPIE. 'Tis good to meet you in so good a  
mood.

And pray what stirs your blood at such a rate?

N. An uncle on the other side the brine  
Has bowed his head in answer to the beck  
That all must heed, and left a competence  
To me, his only heir. Is that not good?

G. Congratulations multiplied. Yet Time  
Had more accommodated us had he  
But swept his scythe a stroke ahead or back.

N. Yet blame no blessing after it arrives.  
A tardy spring is greener when it comes.

G. It is a circumstantial paradox;  
A lucky thing at an unlucky time—  
Lucky for you, unlucky for the cause;  
For I infer that you will have to leave.  
Will you have time to help us organize?

N. The cause is not named Norton. It will live

When we are with Methuselah. But come,  
Let's talk things over at the Balfour House.

(*They enter.*)

I hope to leave within a week; but you  
Remain; and so there is a steersman at  
The helm. This stroke of fortune gives us oil  
With which to lubricate our new machine  
And put us in good humor with ourselves.

G. That at your pleasure.

N. So I please. Meanwhile,  
The program may be this: You organize,  
As proxy for myself—the head and soul  
Of all—and you will find the body move  
Smoothly responsive to your grip of will.  
First, trumpet forth our principles with such  
A blast that men will think there must be force  
At back of so much noise; for most men judge  
Of movements as they do of bells—by sound.  
The silent motions of the worlds are less  
Observed than empty wagons on the street.  
Next organize; make wise provision for  
Supplies, remembering that the rills make seas.  
I might myself bear all the burden when  
Returned; but that which costs men nothing is  
Esteemed at what it costs. Watch carefully  
The offices. Get men whose souls are rock,  
Through which our principles have worn their canons;  
Not flabby men, who flap like flags the way  
The wind blows, but your true men—such as have  
The most uncommon share of common sense,

Who, though their flesh were ground to sausage-meat,  
 Would still be firm in soul. There are such men ;  
 And such a cause as ours deserves to have  
 Them, as it needs. And next, be diligent  
 In cultivating harmony, which is  
 The base of unity, which is the pledge  
 Of ultimate success and permanence.

G. I feel already that our loss is half  
 Retrieved in what you leave us of your mind  
 To guide us in your absence. I shall do  
 The best I can ; which is but saying I  
 Shall act the man.

N. That is an angel's stent,  
 Your ideal's highest peak. I hope it may  
 Be Himalayan in its hight. I have but this  
 To add : Our cause demands your warmest faith,  
 Which is the strongest tonic zeal can take.  
 That cause rests on the right as on the rock,  
 And every principle we advocate  
 Is in a tower of truth impregnable,  
 From which our flag shall fling out fluttering hope  
 To all mankind. While I am absent let  
 That flag not lower an inch in token of  
 Obsequiousness to wealth. My stay shall but  
 Inure to the advantage of the cause  
 We represent.

G. How long do you intend  
 To stay ?

N. Until I settle up affairs,  
 As well as learn the visual incidence

Of some who are the country's eyes. This done,  
I shall return ; and then look out for weights  
Upon the throttle-valves, and whirling governors.

(SCENE.—*Boylston Hall, England.*)

MR. BRONSON.—It gives me satisfaction thus to  
serve

Your uncle, who has been my friend ; for in  
The settlement of his estate I shew  
Posthumous gratitude. Moreover, I  
Am gratified to find his nephew such  
A man of mind and character, who looks  
With philosophic eye upon the broad  
Horizon of affairs, and by the state  
Of his deportment proves the worthy heir  
Of one so worthy as my friend deceased.  
Command my services to any length  
That friendship's arm can reach.

NORTON.                      Your kindness is  
Appreciated to the final dot  
Of gratitude. Allow this levy then  
Upon your kindness; to procure for me  
An introduction to some men of note—  
Not the great dragon-flies that flit across  
The surface of society, but those who feel  
The motions of progressive thought, who are  
The priests that give its oracles in word  
And deed.

B. Circuitously I can serve  
You there. Acquainted with the member of

Our borough, I can find you free access  
To him, through whom your utmost wish may be  
Obtained.

N. The very thing I want, and which  
Will earn you double thanks.

B. No, not at all.  
I only thank your uncle in the deed  
And shew appreciation of yourself;  
In doing which I pay myself a honor.

N. I feel that I am doubly rich in thus  
Inheriting your friendship with the rest.

SCENE—*In a Parliamentary Committee Room.*

HON. WALTER FAXTON. Mr. Farley? Yes, acquainted  
from

A boy. My autograph will readily  
Unlock this door—and lips. His grain, as you  
Will find, is close and tough—not deal but oak.  
An age that has the boast of such a man  
Need not complain of poverty. But should  
You find him in a gruff and grouty mood,  
Distracted by dyspeptic tortures, deem  
It not a personal affront; for now  
His body is the tyrant of his mind.  
The Irish member, Mr. Marvel—I  
Can introduce you to him in an hour  
Or so. A bill comes up this afternoon  
In which he takes an interest; and  
He will be there as sure as he will breathe.  
Marvel is a conglomeration of

Intensity, with one idea as  
 A pivot where his being all revolves.  
 One from America needs little help  
 To reach his ear and heart.

N. Suppose you that  
 To-morrow he will have more leisure?

F. Yes,  
 To-morrow afternoon.

N. Then I will see  
 The sage to-day; to-morrow, Mr. Marvel—  
 That is, if fitting your convenience.

F. 'Twill fit as nicely as the "i" in did. (*Exit.*)

SCENE—*In Mr. Farley's Study.*

FARLEY.—So you belong to the United States,  
 That void, or chaos of this hapless age,  
 Where what is horriddest of saurian things—  
 With names and attributes congenialer  
 To monsters than to human things—crawls prone,  
 In the abominablest moral slime,  
 Or flaps its leathery wings in labored flight.  
 All things are in their inchoate state—  
 Are tentativer than a baby's first  
 Essay to suck its toe—are jumbled in  
 Unjointedness—a heap of cobble-stones—  
 Self-magnified; greed, glorified; what is  
 Hideousest in character, in deed the  
 Damnablest, apotheosized, that a  
 Drivelling mediocrity may be  
 A crownless king. Humanity—the cant  
 Of cant! Democracy—the stenchfullest  
 Of all conceits! the cataract upon



The century's eye! What is humanity  
 Dehumanized? or what democracy  
 Where Judas is the equal of his Lord?  
 What but stark treason to the race and age?

NORTON.—No worse than here, where Judas—he  
 who holds  
 The bag—*is* Lord.

F. An attic flavor there—  
 The creditablest repartee of many  
 A day. Your country has the attribute  
 Of bigness; it is bulk. Its history is  
 The history of an o'erblown bubble, that  
 May burst with any breeze. Its bulk is but  
 Unwieldiness. Withal, it lacks the pledge  
 Of permanence, in incohesiveness.  
 The portents of its judgment day are in  
 The sky.

N. It has the common base of an  
 Original humanity. The rest  
 Are accidents of circumstance. *Perhaps*  
 We have the sweepings of your monarchies.  
 But we may utilize the litter you  
 Have made by your malgovernment, and from  
 The quarry of experiment bring forth  
 A fitting finial for the golden age.

F. A dream—a chimera—a dragon's tooth  
 To tear you while you sleep. This hodge-podge will  
 But be so many diverse elements,  
 In diabolicaest effervescence, till  
 It settles flat, insipid—not a tang,

A scent, superior to its neutral staleness.

N. Whence came your noble blood, your royal stock,

But from a kindred source, in darker days?

May ours not yet become a broader-based

Nobility, a vaster royalty?

F. Yes, could you take the individuals of

The stock and isolate them from the rest—

Give them the sense of power, of worth, with all

Advantages of circumstance—from age

To age keep educating them with best,

Perfectest ideals in their eye; then take

Some one and make him isolateder

Than they, in the exclusiveness of a

Superlative condition, and keep up

The process, taking one, and one, and one,

Until the whole were idealized—then, sir,

It might. But not this muddle can avail—

Not this cimmerician, fog-dense, ink-black

Illiteracy; this premiuming of greed;

This throwing wealth among the crowd for them

To trample under foot in scrambling for;

This leveling that levels to the dirt.

F. The Conqueror placed the pets of caprice on

The lesser thrones, and by his fiat made

Them noblemen. What need have all of us

But some more autocratic word to make

Us noblemen? some bloodier touch to cleanse

Our plebian taint and give us royalty?

But with experience for our oracle

We are content. Your faded fag-ends of  
 Nobility are held together by  
 Exotic threads, spun by the royal word  
 From common stuff. And royalty itself  
 Has often found itself in sorry straits.  
 Still, in the scale of sociology,  
 You strike the dominant by accident,  
 And I would resonate your note. If mere  
 Environment has made nobility  
 Of some, and royalty, it can of more;  
 And if of more, of all. Then were it wise  
 To furnish this environment to all  
 And so far forth ennoble all. Nor need  
 We balk before the task. The ages are  
 Our working hours. Your legislation has  
 Been downward for the multitude. The day  
 Of despots made the people slaves, and you  
 Assume their normal status is in chains;  
 And hence your legislation is for slaves.  
 We aim to legislate for all as men—  
 To get our jack-screws under them, in faith  
 That every hour will give an upraise to  
 The whole. May we not hope for opposite  
 Results to those obtained by you?

F.

Hope? Ha,

Ha, ha! Yes, all infinity for hope  
 To flutter in and flap itself to death—  
 Room enough to rear aerial castles  
 That would house a million words. Hope! The  
 young

*Will* hope. It is their manna as they pass  
 Through wildernesses toward a land they do  
 Not live to see. Yes, hope is angels' food,  
 But unsubstantial stuff for flesh and blood.  
 They hope for the impossible; and when  
 At last they come dead up against the facts  
 They are the astoundedest of all mankind.  
 Experience plays ichneumon with our hopes.

N. And yet his vision on a watch-tower may  
 Be trusted more than his at bottom of  
 A well; and he whose aim is at the stars  
 Will clear the boulder at his feet.

F. Be sure  
 Your country sees with sober eyes or she  
 May view things with inverted sight. Enough.  
 Enjoy your dream and make the most of it;  
 But keep a lock on your Pandora-box.

N. We will, since you have let the evils out.

SCENE—*A Parliamentary Committee Room.*

HON. MR. MARVEL. Your country is the wonder  
 of the world,  
 And well deserves that every honest man  
 Should breathe a blessing on its name. Ireland  
 Is debtor to its heart and purse; and 'tis  
 Her children's cynosure. We envy you  
 Your liberty and wait in weariness  
 The day when we shall share the boon as you.  
 NORTON. And you may wait and weary still before  
 it comes.

M. I fear, yet hope; for come it must.  
The mills of justice must grind out our rights;  
For e'en poor Ireland cannot always bleed.

N. Give us as many people to the mile  
As you, with self same types of social and  
Domestic life, their duplicates in modes  
Of toil, of thought, and all that constitutes  
The texture of the man,—how much, suppose  
You, would our country have to boast?  
Suppose your country transferred bodily  
Across the brine and soldered on to ours;  
Incorporate it as a separate State;  
Make every other State its duplicate;  
Then give you all the liberty you dared  
To ask,—how much would that improve your lot?

M. Such questions—well they put the matter in  
A speculative light. We can but guess;  
And guessing in a case like this is blind  
As catching midges by the moon; you miss  
A thousand for the one you catch. Now take  
Things as they are. Confront the ghastly facts.  
That grin like skeletons while strangling us;  
Then say if liberty, with all that it  
Implies, were not a boon, as 'tis our right.

N. Pray, what were liberty to those who lack  
Self-help, ambition, loyalty, and the  
Broad-breasted charity that holds the heart  
Of liberty, giving the boon itself  
Enjoys? What were *our* liberty were most  
The people alien from the government

In heart? haters of law, because it made  
The laws; chronic disturbers of the peace;  
The greater, more illiterate, half against  
The rest, with thirsty daggers ready, at  
A wink, to slake their thirst in civil feud;—  
In short, two-thirds the country living in  
The seventeenth century?

M.                                Your colors are  
Too dark—by far too dark. I must reject  
The picture as o'erdrawn.

N.                                      Too bold, perhaps,  
Because the truth is nude. Well, veil it o'er,  
And still the contour of the argument  
Is there. Our people, though diverse, have still  
A unity; though free, are loyal to  
The government; and though tenacious of  
Their creeds, are tolerant. Make yours as ours,  
By educating them for liberty,  
And that by training to the proper use  
Of what they have, or 'twere a razor in  
An infant's hands.

M. I think her now prepared—  
At least, for larger liberty; that nought  
Besides so well can mollify her sores.  
Self-government will give us confidence.  
Respect our manhood and you make us men.  
But we have been belittled, hectored, kicked,  
And spit upon, as decent people would  
Not treat a dog. And need you wonder if  
We slouch the tail, or snarl, or even bite

A little now and then? By so much is  
 The soul of manhood in us still. Let us  
 Do less, we should deserve to be despised.  
 But what of it—prepared or unprepared?  
 Because a neighbor has a larger fist,  
 Must we submit to have her box our ears  
 And judge for us our fitness to be free?  
 No, we demand of her the common rights  
 Of common law that nations recognize.  
 Our right, sir—our inalienable rights—  
 Is that on which we plant our foot; and we  
 Resent the motherishness of tyranny.

N. You give the truth in profile. Be the wrongs  
 Of Ireland what you think, she does by far  
 Too little; be they less, too much. Even  
 Resentment has its dignity. Much more  
 Does justice scorn the currish modes of spite  
 And claim her rights with noble front. At worst,  
 You echo but the wide world's dreary wail.  
 No other people but have suffered wrongs.  
 But never curses and assassin stabs  
 Redressed a nation's wrongs and burst her bands.  
 For every Boyne there's been a Flodden Field;  
 For every Drogheda a Cullodin.  
 But still the thistle blooms on Scotia's brow,  
 While Erin's harp hangs hushed in dusky halls.  
 Instead of highland thrift and happy clans,  
 Her glens and mountain slopes are heathered o'er—  
 A man-made wilderness—that deer may roam  
 Amid the ruins of a thousand homes,



To furnish gouty epicures with sport.  
 And yet the nation neither sprinkles blood  
 Upon the skirts of the injustice nor  
 Sits still to grind a curse between her teeth.  
 E'en Albion is not free from Norman thrall.  
 Yet while she winces 'neath the yoke that chafes  
 Her galls, she knows that force is no emollient.  
 Which, think you, has the surest remedy?

M. Each nation has its own specific wrongs.

N. Admit refractive circumstances that  
 Occasion varied incidence. One sun  
 Of opportunity has shone on both;  
 And Erin's song might be as sweet in tone  
 As Scotia's bloom is fair. Of this herself  
 Gives proof. One climate, soil and government  
 Pertain to all. Hence all are favored or  
 Oppressed. What upas then affects the south  
 And west? What cornucopia pours in thrift  
 Upon the north and east? Answer thus much,  
 The shell of your enigma will be cracked.  
 It must be other than the climate, soil,  
 Or laws. Teach them that freemen are the free  
 In soul; that ignorance is slavery;  
 That no bad laws can equal anarchy,  
 And that the heaviest tax is indolence.  
 Teach them that Justice hears as well as feels;  
 That Reason has a mightier arm than Force;  
 And that the curse they breathe returns to them.  
 And teach them too that broadest brotherhood  
 Gives greatest strength; and that the time consumed



Upon the rent-flea might be better spent  
 Upon the rabid whiskey-dog that runs at large,  
 And while it bites the people breeds the fleas.  
 (Excuse the homeliness that brings truth home.)  
 These lessons learned, the land will have new life.

M. I fear your heart is not with the oppressed,  
 And think you echo not your country's voice.

N. I fear your worst oppressions have a smack  
 Of suicide. Who wastes a pennyworth  
 Of opportunity may seek in vain  
 For pounds. I fear the zeal that aims to cramp  
 Your sphere. The world's ascetic age is past,  
 And nations cannot live in hermitage;  
 Hence they are widening out their reach,  
 In faith that greater interests must include  
 The less. You yearn to narrow yours, and so  
 Out-blunder England, who forgets how much  
 Your weal is hers. Her welfare is in you,  
 Your life in her. You have a hand upon  
 The helm of interests belting all the globe.  
 Promote the whole you best promote your own.  
 The time is come to lift up man as man.  
 There is a rank oppression, with a reach  
 Extensive as the race, whose roots are in  
 Our brutishness; and from this banyan all  
 Oppressions branch. Though many-trunked it be,  
 The sap in all is *force*. The fabric of  
 Society is but a dovetailed scheme  
 Of wrong, that gives cupidity a place  
 Of refuge while it preys upon mankind.

Our highest ideal has been equal rights,  
 Implying right of power to do what is  
 Not right; an equal chance to trample down  
 The weak and stamp on them when down.  
 Our modes of government provide facilities  
 Whereby the whipster overfed may use  
 His wealth to snatch the starveling's morsel from  
 His mouth. We need a new political  
 Economy, and one whose postulate  
 Includes a true interpretation of  
 The motto that has thrilled the world; and here  
 It is: EQUALITY OF RIGHT IN RIGHT.  
 Your spawn of legislative heresy  
 Is in your House of Lords, that fungi of  
 The obsolete. The ultimate of power  
 Is in their hands who, as so many gods,  
 Dictate the destiny of millions; whom  
 You have the power to serve but not control.  
 This hydra monarchy—this feudal ghost,  
 Makes children of the multitude;  
 And those who curse it from afar grow pale  
 To see it sheeted in prerogative.  
 Oft as it hears the midnight stroke of doom,  
 When an indignant country glowers revenge,  
 It grants a crumb and then evanishes.  
 But out it comes again and stalks abroad.  
 You need to lay it in the feudal grave  
 And let the ivy years consume its dust.  
 'Tis vain to hope for those to right your wrongs  
 Who feel the pulse-beat only of the past,

Who deem your poverty your normal state  
And hang like leeches on your arteries.

M. A ghost it is, at which but few would fire  
A gun; that fifty curse where one would strike.  
Because the country worships this fetich,  
Aught less than an iconoclastic zeal,  
Born of some desperate hour, would fail to rid  
Us of the incubus.

N.                                These desperate hours  
Breed blind men's remedies. You need not smack  
The earthquake-lips of revolution o'er  
Its corpse to break its power; than which you need  
No more. Cast out the evil spirit and  
Retain the body for a better soul,  
To represent the country's second thought.  
But let it represent, not monarchize.

M. Your plan.

N. First fix the number in the house.  
As these de cease elect successors in  
And from the lower house for life. This would  
Be democratic and conservative,  
Both just and safe.

M.                                Though plausible,  
Your scheme projects our remedy too far.  
We want a present help for present needs.  
The starving cannot wait for next year's corn.

N. The quickest help is in a quickened pulse  
And courage, such as on the wavering field  
Sets heroes' eyes ablaze and snatches from  
The hand of Death the blooming amaranth.

Who waits for Fortune never sees her face.

M. We are impatient, sir, to grasp her hand.  
We chafe for justice while we vainly wait,  
As chafes the long-stalled charger under curb.  
Yes sir; we want our rights, and want them now;  
And we intend to get them as we live—  
And get them by the shortest cut.

N.

Excuse

Me if I seem to sermonize. And yet  
Allow me to suggest, that it were well  
Should prudence give you eyes. Have patience born  
Of faith. Aim only at the possible,  
Remembering that you have your hand upon  
The crank of destiny; nor fear to strain  
Your muscle on the crank. Think not to catch  
A remedy, like butterflies, upon  
The wing. Nations, like pyramids, must grow  
With toil. You have the granite in your blood.  
Develop that and you will grow apace  
Until the country will amaze herself.

M. There is a scent of reason in your words;  
And yet I fear the substance is not there.

N. Smell round a little and you'll find it near.

## CHAPTER II.

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SCENE.—*A Public Hall.*

GILLESPIE. We meet to-night with grandest aims  
in view—

To organize *The Human Brotherhood*;  
Our object, to define and vindicate  
The rights of man as man, and then devise  
And use the means that shall secure those rights.  
We need not gush in founts of eloquence,  
Nor weave a web of subtle argument  
From threads of sophistry, to prove a lack  
Of balance in the opportunities  
To share what nature has prepared for all.  
On every hand we have our millionaires,  
Not one of whom has given the tithe of an  
Equivalent for what he holds; while most  
Hold not the tithe of an equivalent  
For service given. One has, but has not earned;  
The other earned, but does not have. In such  
A case, that eats the bread of this. The cause  
Of inequality is radical.

The pendulum of a political  
 Economy that swings with such a sweep  
 As this, is out of line with equity.  
 To find that line, and then to make our beat  
 Equisonant, is that at which we aim.  
 And we invite the aid of all true men  
 In this the grandest effort of the age.  
 An honored friend, whom I had hoped to have  
 As president, is now in Europe, in  
 The interest of the cause; which throws on me  
 The burden of responsibility  
 For what we do; and this I willingly  
 Accept. Before we organize I shall  
 Be glad to hear what others have to say;  
 For here at least there is equality.

ED. PRATT. It seems a mystery that we have not  
 had

A move like this before. But here it is,  
 In proof that Justice has the breath of life.  
 What has been said is true, and mildly put.  
 Had those who, singly, waste enough to feed  
 A hundred eaten only what they earned,  
 They long ago had starved to death. They eat  
 And earn not; hence they eat what others earn,  
 And so are paupers. More; they waste and earn  
 Not; hence they waste what others ought to eat,  
 And so are vermin to society.  
 Behold their pomp upon the city's fringe!  
 With what an ostentation they display  
 The fruits of plunder, gained by tricks that have

The benizon of common sentiment  
 And all the guaranties and guards of law!  
*Plunder* I say; for plunderers they are,  
 Taking the product of their fellows' toil.  
 With honest sweat we dig the treasure of  
 The earth; when they creep up behind and filch  
 It from us with a sly audacity.  
 What odds the law that gives its amen to  
 The deed? Can wrong be right because it wears  
 A legal livery? Tear from the deed  
 This vizor of legality, and turn  
 Them out upon the open seas, then let  
 Them there do what they do on land, behind  
 This thin disguise, and any nation would  
 Be proud to make them dangle from the yard-arm.  
 They would be pirates then. What are they now?  
 But here they face the day and sun themselves  
 Like peacocks, that mankind may stand agape  
 Before the glitter of their plumes. The law!  
 What an untrusty whirlagig it is!  
 Have not the laws been made by those who with  
 Their mother's milk sucked in the dictum, that  
 The right is as the sanction of the law;  
 Who then turned round and sanctioned wrong? We  
     make  
 The men who make the laws. But we ourselves  
 Have been the slaves of custom. We must break  
 Our fetters and elect true men—such as  
 Will grind to dust, and scatter to the winds,  
 The social heresy, that they who have

The genius to impose upon their kind,  
 And by commercial sleight-of-hand  
 Extract the juices from their toil, should have  
 The privilege and be protected in  
 The deed; the heresy that idle craft  
 Has higher claims than plodding industry,  
 And that accumulated wealth, which is  
 So far an autocratic power, has a  
 Prerogative, in right, to use its powers  
 Still to deplete the common stock, drawing  
 A compound interest from society.  
 On what it gained by the chicanery  
 Of trade. Here is the hellish essence of  
 This heresy: That right to hold is as  
 The skill to get; to use, as power possessed,  
 Within the limitations of the law.  
 To limit is to say the rule has bounds;  
 And hence the law itself concedes that power  
 Has not the right to wrong. The difference then  
 Betwixt ourselves and law is this—*the bounds*  
*Of right.* An Alexander has no right,  
 By virtue of the majesty of might,  
 To get what is not his; nor Greedyfist,  
 By might of intellectual artifice.  
 Nor aught is theirs against the earner's will  
 For which they give no true equivalent.  
 And not a millionaire amongst us gives,  
 Or ever gave, the country this. Of course,  
 Men tell us glibly of the mind to grasp  
 The opportunities; the lightning eye,



So quick to see the chance to strike; the skill  
 To play the devil-fish and hide themselves  
 In ink, and take advantage by the smart  
 Exploit to do their fellows detriment.  
 This only tells how great the tiger is.  
 They have no greater than a burglar's mind,  
 A counterfeiter's skill; those cousins on  
 The other side the line of law. Not one  
 Has paid the price of what he holds. Take him  
 To Africa and what would he possess?  
 Perchance the tawdries of a medicine-man.  
 Then whence the plethora of wealth he claims?  
 It is the product of the manifold  
 Facilities that myriad other minds  
 Supply; which are the nation's common stock.  
 But these accretions of the ages he  
 Appropriates to himself, as one might claim  
 An instrument on proving skill to bring  
 Out Yankee Doodle. I inquire not here  
 About his skill—the burglar's forte;—but does  
 He have the right to thrust his hand into  
 The country's till, abstract its wealth and hold  
 It as his own? I answer, No. He *owns*  
 No more than a certificate of so  
 Much toil. The rest is legal pelf. We hold  
 This continent in trust, with all its stores,  
 For our posterity. A billion mouths  
 Will soon be opened to be filled. But we  
 Are trying, with a blind insanity  
 Of greed, to gorge the whole; and hence we see

This scrambling with distended claws—this craze  
 Of prodigality, before whose touch  
 Primeval forests fall, the hills grow poor,  
 And prairies lose their fat, that ones and twos  
 May put their tags upon the whole. The land  
 Is surely drunk. These men of millions earn  
 The execrations of posterity;  
 And should their memory last, its curse will be  
 Their epitaph. Such are the evils, then,  
 That claim our thought and call for remedy,  
 With thousand thundertongues of urgency.  
 A remedy may not be readily  
 Applied; and yet maturer thought must find  
 A remedy. The pressure of events—  
 Those whips of Providence—will force us on  
 To righteousness. But here I close.

TOM STONE. Well, chaps,  
 I'm not a speechifier; but I think  
 We needn't hunt a hundred lifetimes for  
 A remedy in such a case as this.  
 The shirks have got a thousand sneaking ways  
 Of keeping fat by trickery; for work  
 And they are mortal enemies. It's strange  
 They weren't too lazy to be born. No doubt  
 It tired 'em so it takes a lifetime for  
 'Em to get rested up. The only part  
 Of 'em that takes to work is tongue and jaw.  
 And so we have 'em peddling lightning-rods  
 And churns, washing-machines and books,  
 And patent humbugs just enough to fill

A dictionary; all a-snuffing round  
 A fellow's pocket-book, imagining  
 They have a fortune by the ear; and so,  
 I say, they wag their everlasting tongues  
 To have us keep them up in laziness.  
 And then our merchants bleed us on our goods;  
 And we grow lean while they are fat as pork.  
 And next, the landlords take their weekly toll  
 And screw us till they make us grunt. And then  
 We have the big-bugs—the monopolists  
 And millionaires—the leeches sucking like  
 They had a thousand mouths. Now I'm the one  
 To slam the door on all the tribe of shirks,  
 And sit down on the other fellows with  
 A slosh. It's no use talking, laziness  
 Has struck us like the cholera. It's no  
 Skin-deep affair. It's stuck right in; and it  
 Is spreading. Nearly every one's afraid  
 Of getting dirty hands, though not afraid  
 Of doing dirty meanness. And it's come  
 To this: men's pay increases as they get  
 Away from work toward stylish laziness.  
 It's time that something should be done; so I  
 Propose we organize and try to do it.

JOBLINSKY. *Alias, the Dark Lantern.*  
 One man has talked of law, and I have faith  
 In law; for all we see and feel has law.  
 From sky, and earth and all that is, I learn  
 The ways of law; and so the way the laws  
 Of men should work. I look and see the cloud

That sits and on the sick earth looks so sad;  
 And while I look it bursts and fills the air  
 With fire and noise. It wipes its eyes from tears  
 And leaves us with a smile; and then the air  
 Is sweet, and earth is no more sick. And next  
 I look on earth, and there is filth and stuff  
 We do not want. We feed it to the fire.  
 That makes it smoke; and when the smoke is gone  
 The bad is gone. And so the laws of sky  
 And earth have taught me this: The foul wrongs  
     done

By men must be burned up with fire and make  
 All clear, and clean, and sweet. Now men, the earth  
 Is full of wrong. The rich ride down the poor  
 And do them foul. And yet the rich live on  
 The poor, like lice on cows, and make them lean;  
 And so the poor are sick. And this is stuff  
 That fire could flame and clear the air. And there  
 I see a place to put the law. No more  
 I have to say; but when you want to do,  
 Count me two men for that.

JOHN SWAB: *Alias, the Detective, a Hunchback  
     Dwarf.*

Our meeting takes

A biologic course, evolving from  
 The chairman's one primordial thought, which was  
 A germ that now has variated on  
 To revolution. Evolution thus  
 Has evolved to an r beyond  
 Itself. Now let us ponder o'er the fact—

Which science proves to be a granite fact—  
 That while conformity to type is writ  
 Most legibly on nature's page, and signed  
 And sealed by Fate, there is a tendence towards  
 Reversion to primordial types. And should  
 The vital modifier of the molecules  
 Become inert, our order will receive  
 A protoplhastic trend; which monishes  
 To diligence. Be vigilant. Have more  
 Eyes than a dragon-fly, that looks all ways  
 At once; more constancy than gravity,  
 Which never tires.

A VOICE. Don't elocute.

ANOTHER. I see  
 No 'cute about it.

ANOTHER. Let him go on. The  
 Dwarf knows p ain't pudding.

THE DETECTIVE. — We need to watch  
 The genesis of things for inklings of  
 Development and help the lower forms  
 To variate aright. Get down then to  
 The crude bathybins of society  
 And, by gradations, from the polyp up  
 To consummated and sublimest life.  
 Our nature would impel us to array  
 Ourselves against the rich, until we may  
 Develop to an equal state. We must  
 Develop or become extinct, by the  
 Unerring law that sets its foot upon  
 The weakest with exterminating weight.

Now, as a vacuum is abhorred elsewhere,  
 So we ourselves abhor to be extinct.  
 Then try for an evolving impetus.

THE SMILER. I swan! but the detective is a great  
 Orthography gabblist, who heaps  
 Up capital in millionated words  
 And threatens a monopoly. Well now,  
 A simple chap like me can say his say  
 In words that are the wheelbarrows of speech,  
 And not mouth everlasting nothingness.  
 And here we need no *unabridged* to say  
 A rascal is no saint. We need not hunt  
 For scientific flummery to tell  
 That if we don't do something nothing will  
 Be done. Go to the mule and learn of him.  
 When an idea gathers in his head  
 It goes in lightning to his tail; and when  
 That member zig-zags, look for thunderbolts.  
 Let our ideas get into our heels,  
 Then kick and make monopoly see stars.  
 That is my plan for evolving things.

BOB SNAG.—Look where we may are fellows  
 wasting what  
 They have not earned. Full half their time is spent  
 Devising means of squandering money on  
 Themselves. Their wives and daughters are at  
 home,  
 Dissecting aches, and analyzing throbs  
 And twinges, as they loll in luxury,  
 With troops of servants pampering them to death,

And docters tugging at the threads of life,  
 Blistering their pocket-books and dosing them.  
 These are the men that talk in lofty style  
 About the rights of capital. But what  
 Is capital? A god that we must bow  
 Before, and give our life to gain its smile?  
 What! we who dig the gold that makes the god  
 Bow down to it! The rights of capital  
 Are as the rights of stolen goods, except  
 As it is toil transmuted into gold.  
 The rights of capital are but the right  
 Of use for those whose toil it represents.  
 But we have chinned it long enough; and now  
 'Tis time we organize and set the truth  
 On fire, and bear it as a torch throughout  
 The land, to light us to a better day.

SCENE.—*The Detective's store and a back room.*

DETECTIVE. Come back, gents, to my private  
 room. Take seats.

BOB SNAG. What's up? I see your arm is slung.

D. Well sir,

This morning I was making a profound  
 Experiment upon my mule, and found  
 The creature contumaciously self-willed.  
 You see, that Nature, in her first essays,  
 Is homogenous, and, by gradual steps,  
 Keeps differentiating towards a type  
 Of greater heterogenousness, in which  
 The royal intellect of man may aid.  
 And being of a scientific turn



Of mind, abreast with foremost thinkers of  
 The day, I tried to trim the creature's ears,  
 To give him more the semblance of a horse,  
 Hoping the other members would conform  
 To type. But at the first incision with  
 The shears, he seized my arm and almost crunched  
 It in his mouth, compelling my desistance.

B. S. Would he have turned to horse or donkey  
 do you think?

D. 'Tis problematical. He shewed  
 Indeed reversionary tendencies.

B. S. Well, that's enough of that. We have a  
 plan  
 On foot. I reckon you can help to set  
 It up?

D. I have the will to make the rich  
 Revert to their primordial place; and with  
 The will the way. You see, in buying up  
 Old clothes, I learn the situation of  
 A person's premises, which knowledge tells  
 Us where to plant the foot and strike. Oft as  
 Necessity demands I can afford  
 The information you desire.

B. S. Well now,  
 There's going soon to be a general strike  
 Of Longshoremen; and while it lasts we mean  
 To have no scabs sneak in and take the place  
 Of strikers. Can you help us there?

D. No doubt.  
 But first the strike. I will consider then



About the survival of the fittest.

JOBLINSKY. . Right now I want your help of head  
and tongue ;

For you, I see, can give the help I need.

B. S. That's no affair of mine and so I'll go.  
Well now, Detective, I'll remember this.

D. And I will keep it in my secret drawer.

[*Exit B. S.*

J. I want to purge a spot with fire. What rich  
Man has the most that I can touch, and I  
Will lay a red hand on that spot and make  
A man of him who thinks that he is more.

D. There is Gorman's up the river. I will  
Go and point it out to you to-morrow.  
On the way I'll tell you all you want to  
Know about the man and place. Then you will  
Be prepared to act.

J. Act! That word is full of fire.  
My head and heart are full of it. Act—Act.  
My blood is hot, my bones are hot to act.

SCENE.—*The Detective's back room.*

DETECTIVE. How does the dark lantern work by  
moonlight? Did  
You find the place exactly as I said?

JOBLINSKY, THE DARK LANTERN. Just so. It was  
a place of pride, and ease,  
And sloth, and waste. And now my heart says this :  
That there I did a great proud deed of good.  
I smote the proud and rich, that ate the poor  
Man's bread, and purged a bit of wrong. I told

Not one, but went at dark and found the place,  
 When the round moon was red. And by our stream,  
 That seems so like a slice of sea that wants  
 To find the place it left, I sat where three  
 Big trees spread out as if to say, We hide  
 And tell no tales. Soon the round moon was white,  
 And made the night look like the ghost of day.  
 But at my back a hill spread out its black  
 Cloak where I sat and kept me hid. I saw  
 The bits of boats, both up and down the stream,  
 With flakes of light on them, that winked like eyes—  
 Like a child's eyes that nods and wants to sleep.  
 The small waves talked in low soft words that touched  
 My ear and made my heart feel soft. Live things  
 Were in the trees and grass, and all so glad  
 They had to tell it in their way. And loud,  
 And long, and sweet, a small bird piped so good  
 A note I could have thought a bee might suck  
 Some sweet from it. These made my heart more soft,  
 Till I was full of sweet weak soul—like girls—  
 And could have sat there all the night and wished  
 For no more day. Then came a boat, whose shriek,  
 And snort, and tramp, were as the rich man's pomp,  
 Who snuffs at all the poor. It scorned the rest,  
 And tost its waves, as though it shook at them  
 The spray from its proud feet. That woke my  
     thoughts,  
 And made the blood of wrath burn hot and hate  
 It as a sign of wrong. But on it went;  
 And soon the swart hill hid the moon's fair face,

And laid its broad hand on the rich man's house,  
 And said to me : Black be its doom and deep  
 Its grave to-night. That was the sign ; and, like  
 The sign, I stole forth with a step so soft  
 It had no sound ; and ere the moon could see  
 The deed was done, and I lay down far off  
 And saw the smoke curl up, and then the blaze ;  
 And soon the red flames purged the black wrongs  
     white.

Then jumped my heart, as jumps your dog to see  
 Your face, and wished that I could purge the world  
 With fire—the poor sick world, that has the rich  
 Man's bad, black ways to make it sick. Oh that  
 I had a life for each of my ten toes ;  
 That these were ten times told ; and for each life  
 The power of ten ; and for each power ten worlds  
 To purge with fire ! Then I should be too great  
 To be a man. The thought makes big my heart.

D. You would evolve into a god. And who  
 Knows what we shall be yet ? It may be this  
 Protuberance on my back is nature's seal—  
 A mystic pledge, or inkling of a change  
 Of type towards ultimate perfection ; and  
 A change in which the head will occupy  
 An inter-physical position, as  
 The focal point of intellect, and so  
 Make man a symbol of the infinite,—  
 His higher powers, as radii, rounding out  
 The circle of his being, that shall e'er  
 Expand, until the minds of men are great

As worlds. Nay, who can prove that all the worlds  
Have not been so evolved? or that they will not  
Still evolve until all space is filled—

An infinite conglomerate of life?

The great thoughts in me seem to work that way.

D. L. Great thoughts come not to me; but when  
the rich

Man eats the poor man's bread, and treats him as  
A beast whose back was made to bear his load,  
My hate is hot and I would do hot deeds.

D. Great thoughts will come to me like sparrows  
to

The eaves and make me reason thus: Since I  
Am come, by numberless gradations of  
Evolvment, from an inert molecule  
To be the thinker of these thoughts, why not  
Milleniums of evolvment make men gods;  
And still milleniums of milleniums fill  
Infinity with one sole god, of which  
The separate godlings will be nerves, and he  
The one, the brain of all? That would supply  
The missing link that evolution needs.

D. L. I think not thoughts like those, but of the  
things

I see and touch; and they are great to me.

D. That makes me think this nebulous orb upon  
My spinal axis is no accident  
Of superfluity. Indeed, what is  
A superfluity? Does Nature know?  
Say rather, mortals misinterpret her

Initial motions in development.

The azure fields have none too many stars,  
 Nor earthly plains a blooming gem to spare;  
 Nor has my head a hair beyond its needs.  
 But beauty all, and harmony are in  
 Progressive stages towards a goal where, in  
 Imperial splendor, full perfection reigns.  
 In brief, I think that Nature takes, in me,  
 A forward differentiating step,  
 Or, otherwise, I should not have such thoughts,  
 With arms elastic as infinity,  
 Outreaching towards the still unreachable.  
 Oft as the afflatus of such like thoughts  
 Like lightning strikes, I wonder whether all  
 The scientists have like development.

D. L. I know them not. But earth I know is  
 not

A clam for one great throat to gulp, nor two,  
 Nor ten; but 'tis a loaf, made large, to give  
 A slice to each. Now can you tell me more  
 What spots to purge with fire?

D. Yes, I must help  
 You to supplant the saurian wrongs of earth  
 With better types of life and evolute  
 The race. Think of the dragons, lizards, and  
 The things whose names need two long breaths  
 before

The tongue can leave the final syllable.  
 So hideous are the wrongs oppressing us.  
 'Tis infamous, infernal, damnable,

The way that most of us are forced to drudge  
 And, after drudging, scrimp and feel a void  
 Where they are billious with their gluttony.  
 I know a score of places that are but  
 Grand monuments of greed—extortion—theft—  
 Blood—death, whose grandeur mocks the poverty  
 They cause. These must no more offend our eyes.  
 They scandalize the spirit of the age,  
 And, like the irony that slaps us in  
 The face with love's own adjectives, provoke  
 Retaliation in a brusquer way.  
 We must retaliate. We must rebuke  
 The wrong or merit all the injuries that  
 We get, which, while the remnant of a soul  
 Is left in us, we cannot brook. Go forth  
 Then with your red hand well equipped, to strike  
 Humiliation to their haughty hearts.

D. L. Strike? Yes, while there's a match to  
 strike and I

Have one hand left; and I will give them woe.  
 And may the winds by day wail woe! And may  
 The black night weave a web of woe! And may  
 The hot lips of the fire say woe! And may  
 The white heaps of their wealth be weeds of woe!  
 And may their hearts be gashed by swords of woe!  
 And when their bones move may they creak with  
 woe!

And when they think may all their thoughts be woe!  
 And when they hope may hope all turn to woe!

SCENE—*On Main Street.*

DETECTIVE. Look at that carriage and the creature in

It. Two fat horses—driver—footman—all  
To draw about that puny burlesque on  
Humanity, that is reverting from  
The typic woman to an ape! See what  
A pucker pride has put upon her lip!  
And how her haughtiness has starched her neck!  
She keeps a business sharper's wits upon  
The strain to deck that dried-up carcass with  
It's trumperies. The other week he had  
A corner on the country's bread and squeezed  
A hundred thousand from the poor man's loaf.  
Oh the deep hellishness of such men's deeds!  
Six feet of rope around his neck might do  
A righteous deed. But lacking that, I'll shew  
You where he lives. Then let him have a taste  
Of his deserts, in fiery protest 'gainst  
His wickedness. The preachers talk about  
A hell. If hell there be, then hell is just,  
And fire a righteous executioner; so let  
Us forestall hell with hints of hell.

DARK LANTRN.

O Fire!

Right's right hand! purge this bad man's deeds.

Scorch him,

And leave a burn like live coals in his heart.

D. We need be careful here. The world has ears.

D. L. Yes, ears, like beasts of prey; and hands  
and heads—not hearts.



D. Another geologic age  
 May evolve the heart. Here, let us take  
 This car ; it goes within a mile of where  
 You want to see. I guess we'll foot the mile—  
 At least, enough of it to shew the place.

SCENE—*In the public hall.*

The PRESIDENT. Over a hundred joined to-night.

Now there

Is opportunity for some remarks.  
 Seeing, however, how much time is gone,  
 Let those who speak have some clear point  
 To make and stick to that.

JACK HELMS. I've got a point ;  
 And see if I don't make it stick in some  
 Infernal rascal's hide. I needn't tell  
 You that we railroaders are on a strike.  
 It happens so I know a thing or two  
 About some members of our company.  
 There's Tomkins, one of 'em. He went out west  
 As agent to the Indians, and his pay  
 For four years came to sixteen thousand ; out  
 Of which he saved a hundred thousand. So  
 Much were the redskins in the lurch. Well now, .  
 Had you or I but taken from his desk  
 One dollar of that hundred thousand, he  
 Who took it would have been a thief. Then what  
 Is he who took the whole but so much more  
 A thief, who ought to wear his stripes and do  
 The state a little honest work? And that  
 Aint all. He went to Minnesota, where



He played another scurvy trick. But first  
 He greased some congressmen with part of what  
 He stole, and got a land-grant for a road.  
 That done, he made a mighty blow, and  
 Got the state to issue bonds to help him build,  
 Then sold his interest for a million clear  
 And left for here, where he invested in  
 Our road. And so the scoundrel comes to be  
 Our lord and have us in his power. And since  
 His pile don't grow as he would like it, he  
 Intends to squeeze another dime a day  
 From us. We ought to keep such scoundrels in  
 A cage, feed 'em an ounce of bread a day  
 And take 'em round to let the people spit  
 On 'em. Now aint I made a point?

BIG BILL.

That's so.

OTHERS. Bully for Jack!

That sticks.

J. H.

And there is Quirk.

He got his pile by skimming Michigan  
 Of pine. Whoever got the pine, he got  
 The butt end of the pay. From there he stepped  
 Into Nevada, bought a hill or two,  
 Went east with specimens of silver ore  
 And made a boom for shares. That netted him  
 So much he hardly knew. With that he came  
 And got a big slice in our road. And that's  
 Another of the precious scoundrels who  
 Have fleeced the country of its wealth, to live  
 In style and waste enough to keep the like  
 Of us in bread. He too, the cormorant!

Would cut us down a dime a day. It takes  
 Fine genius to be smart as that! Neither  
 Has ever done a day's work in a day;  
 But, like a horse-thief, they have watched their  
 chance,

While others slept, and ran away with what  
 The country owned. And now they've got their grip  
 Upon our throat, I tell you what—there must  
 Be some thing shaky with the law where such  
 Things are. I guess that where there is so much  
 Of ingrain scoundrelism in them e'en  
 Each separate worm that feeds at last upon  
 There carcass will be struck with greed and want  
 to gorge the whole.

A VOICE. A taste would poison them.

J. H. It's time that those who do the work  
 should get  
 The pay; and I am in for anything  
 That shews a way of doing it.

DICK SLEDGE. Our road  
 Is owned by one—a thief, whose father was  
 A thief.

A VOICE. There's grit.

D. S. It's true as truth can be.  
 Did either of them ever do more work  
 Than you or I to pay the country for  
 So large a slice? No sir! How have they got  
 It then? By playing business-poker down  
 In Shark Street. They were sharp enough, and mean  
 Enough, to gouge the country through the tricks

They played on others, when the sole return  
 They made us was, with thumb-and-fingers to  
 Their nose, to wink their compliments. Next, by  
 Degrees, they bought and bought till now they have  
 An iron collar round the country's neck.

The son has millions in the country's bonds,  
 For which he has not worked as hard as us—  
 The country's money in the country's bonds—  
 That he may settle grandly down and have  
 The interest fall in millions on him like  
 The dew—so easily it comes while he  
 Is smoking his cigar. Some simpletons  
 Have gushed themselves stone blind; because, for-  
     sooth,

The country feels his cash. But every cent  
     of it belongs to her; and being hers,  
 The interest is not his. Some blow about  
 His liberality; because a good  
 Streak takes him now and then, to give what is  
 Of less account to him than were a dime  
 To other men. What would we think of one  
 Who stole our purse, and from the interest on  
 Our money treated us to candy once  
 A year? Would we go slobbering over him  
 With compliments and laugh ourselves into  
 Ecstatic fits? I'd like to know what right  
 He has to spend some thirty thousand in  
 A night's display, to glorify himself,  
 As though he were the god of wastefulness,  
 While leaguings with the rest to scrimp us in

Our pay, whose labor foots the bill and keeps  
 The country on its pins. He gets, per year,  
 The pay of twenty thousand men. Does he  
 Return as much as they for what he takes?  
 Or is there the equivalent of them  
 In his one hide? Nay, is there of a score?  
 No sir! I'd like to try him on the road  
 A day. Then his excess is either too  
 Much by so much, or what we get too little.  
 Such things are an infernal shame. I tell  
 You boys, I'd like to smash the rascal's snout.  
 I move that we resist them to the death;  
 And let them keep their precious bones indoors—  
 The vermin that they are!

BOB SNAG. I only know  
 That those we work for get what others earn.  
 They get the corn and we the cob; and now  
 They want to nibble down the cob. But we  
 Ain't going to submit. We're just chock full  
 Of fight, and there'll be blood a-leaking if  
 They don't look out. A dog's a worthless cuss  
 That has his tail stepped on and won't shew fight.  
 They step on ours, and we have filed our teeth;  
 So let 'em watch their shins. And now, if we  
 Can help things on I hope we will.

DARK LANTERN. Such men  
 Are warts that earth wants not. A spark of fire  
 Would take them off the skin; and I for one  
 Will help to take them off. Speak on and I will do.

PRESIDENT. The time is come to close. We hope

The day will come when, in exigencies  
 Like this, we may afford substantial aid  
 To those who struggle with the tiger-powers  
 Of wealth. At present we can only give  
 Them sympathy and words of cheer—which have  
 Their worth—and these we give as sacredly  
 As holy water from the stoups of our  
 True hearts. Their cause is just; and even should  
 They fail in this attempt, they must at last  
 Obtain some fair adjustment 'twixt themselves  
 And those whose lordish tyranny now treads  
 Them down. Ages have burned their incense round  
 Oppression's altar; but his doom is sure.  
 Sure as the stars are in the silent blue,  
 A mighty change will come. Not always can  
 This country halt the way it does. We have  
 Too much of liberty to get no more;  
 Too much of power to be forever wronged.  
 Our fathers found a continent that teemed  
 With wealth—with mines and forests ample for  
 Our needs, and fruitful acres that can fill  
 A billion mouths. These cannot always be  
 A common plunder for rapacious wolves.  
 If not our judgment, our necessities  
 Will bid the greed of money-maniacs halt.  
 The old-world notions of the rights of power  
 Must yield before the claims of equity.  
 Since this is thought, it is begotten; since  
 'Tis just, it is a germ of life; and since  
 It lives, the years will bring it to the birth.

What has evolved from past conditions is  
A guaranty of full equality.

Our mission is to aid in that evolvment.

THE DETECTIVE. Congratulations, Mr. President, for  
Using scientific terminology,  
Which is the summit, yea, the highest peak  
Of speech. We are evolving in the style  
Of our discussion; and I hope that in  
The subject matter we shall witness a  
Survival of the fittest at the last.

THE SMILER. I move that we evolve ourselves  
away;  
For I resolve that I'll evolve for home.

SCENE.—*The Detective's back room.*

DETECTIVE. You gave my lord an evening call  
and left  
Your card illuminated well. No doubt,  
He will remember it. How did you get  
Along in paying compliments?

DARK LANTERN. Most well.  
The night when all the signs had tongues that said,  
Go on, I went; and dark it was—so dark  
It hid me in its cloak, and hid the stars.  
I heard the dog you told me of. He barked  
And shook his chain, which told me where he was.  
I crossed the wall and threw at him some meat—  
The kind that cures the barks—and then lay still  
And heard him eat the meat. I lay and lay,  
And heard him whine and scratch; then all was still.  
By that time I was stiff with cold, and rose

And stretched my limbs. I had been sick with  
thoughts

That found my mind and asked no leave, but walked  
Right in and shut the door. Their face was sad  
As if a friend were sick, and made my heart  
Go thump. What if a babe be in that house?  
They said. Can that be good which burns it up?  
Can that be pure which blots a pure life out?  
No no! I said; so proud a jade as that  
Can give no spark of life, with Death's hand on  
Her own. She is a speck that sticks to earth,  
Like dirt, and makes us want to cleanse the earth  
To take it off. What if the minx did burn?  
The world would but be rid of so much wrong.

D. I vow, Joblinsky, but you almost had  
A woman's squeamishness.

D. L. What, were I one?

D. You would have had a wishy-washy heart  
And shrunk away.

D. L. Ah well, you seem to know.  
But as I thought of her and saw her mince,  
And toss her head, and hook her nose, and screw  
Her lip, and stab me with her eye, my heart  
Grew strong. My cold blood warmed and got on fire.  
That, said my heart, is what will cure the pride  
And make wrong right. It was my sign. I found  
A shed, and coal, and wood. The night was then  
As if the sky had shut one eye and left  
The light of one. I made a heap of things  
That burn; and when I stood a long way off,



I saw the big blaze burst and flap its wings  
In the deep dark. And soon came screams and  
shouts ;

And then I hoped the speck of dirt was gone.

D. Bravo! The times demand that wealth  
should be

Rebuked. We must destroy the whip of power  
Rather than have it plied upon our back.

You overcame the woman in your heart  
And let the man develop strength. 'Tis well  
To watch reversionary tendencies.

Unless we did we all might turn to women.

D. L. You seem to rate her low. What is she in  
your mind ?

D. Only a bit of nervous stuff,  
Which palpitates and screams, and weeps and faints,  
And dies a thousand times, then lives to spite us.  
And more 'tis so the more you pamper her.  
She makes a study of herself and thinks  
Herself a fragile thing, which everyone  
Must handle like a snowflake, lest she melt.  
I sometimes look at her and wish that sex  
Could differentiate to give her strength.

D. L. The truth in what you say half makes one  
mad.

Yet all are not like that.

D. I never saw  
One otherwise ; which may be my misfortune.  
At all events, it proves the rule.

D. L.

One I



Have seen whose nerve is strong, whose heart is  
brave

As mine; and she would dare as much.

D. It cannot be. What contradicts the laws  
Of nature cannot be; and nature in  
An age like this is taken at her worst—  
At least, so far as woman is concerned;  
And so I more than doubt, I disbelieve.

D. L. But I can tell you that it *is*; and that  
Which is can be.

D. That would be womanhood  
At its ideal height. Could I meet such  
She might develop love in me. But not  
Your waxy touch-me-not, who would collapse  
As touched with fire if you unloosed her corsets.  
Give me a brave heart in a woman's breast  
And you have found me nature's masterpiece.

D. L. If aught I know, I know that I could find  
one such.

D. You have not touched her heart or you  
Had felt it flutter when she saw a mouse  
Or felt a spider crawling on her neck.

D. L. 'Tis true, I have not touched her heart;  
and yet

I would not boast my heart more brave than hers.

D. To be acquainted with her I would give  
The best I have.

D. L. Tut! would you give your heart  
And so be poor?

D. If she accepted there

Would be exchange, and I should be enriched ;  
If not, I could not lose. But I must prove  
Her mettle to believe.

D. L. I know her well.  
There is on earth no friend I love so well  
As she.

D. Your sweetheart, eh ?

D. L. Not as you mean ;  
Nor can she be ; as I could tell you why.

D. Ha ha ! I see. Your sister.

D. L. No, not that ;  
And yet as dear.

D. Then I can love her on  
Your word. Indeed, my heart already is  
As when the sunshine strikes an icicle—  
Inclined to melt with warm impassionment.

D. L. Now, by the bonds that bind us, be it as  
You say. You yet shall see her eye to eye.  
Then blame me if she be not what I say.

*(A boy sings at the door.)*

Love's blind the people say ;  
But hate is blinder still.  
This has so strong a wont,  
And that, so weak a will.  
And hence, in all they do—  
Since passion is so strong—  
The loved is always right,  
The hated, always wrong.

Though hate is super-blind,  
 Revenge is blinder still.  
 This has a madman's hand,  
 And that, a madman's will.  
 And hence, between the two,  
 Is passion doubly strong,  
 To frown upon the right,  
 And strike to do the wrong.

D. Love—hate—revenge. He runs the gamut of  
 The feelings. But his accompaniment is false.  
 Such songs are sentimental emptiness—  
 The clippings of a poet's dreams. That's all.

(*Enter Bob Snag.*)

B. S. We want your help to clear away a scab.  
 You lay the trap and we will take the rat.  
 To-morrow, Thursday, is a lucky day ;  
 So do it in the dinner hour, and I  
 Will call on you and learn the ins-and-outs  
 Of what you've done. The one that has the spot  
 Is Ben Boyle, foreman of a gang on  
 East side, loading up the Great Mogul. We want  
 To teach him what it costs to keep us out  
 Of work, and give the rest a hint that they  
 Can take.

D. Say what you want and here's your man,  
 Ready at all times for heroic deeds,  
 With sharpened shears to give a clip on call.  
 You never catch this weasel in a nap.

B. S. Then lay your plans, that we can catch  
him on

His way from work and clean him out as though  
The earth had swallowed him. I know the boys  
Will give you lots of custom for it.

D. Good.

The sly old rat may find his match this time.

SCENE—*By the east side docks.*

DETECTIVE. Now don't you want to treat your-  
self to day?

Here is a pair of pantaloons that must  
Have cost five dollars, new. I bought them from  
A big-bug's servant for a song. And see—  
The newness of the nap is on them still.  
Well, as I got a bargain I will give  
One too. You can have them for two dollars.  
Cheap as dirt and good as gold.

BOYLE. Not to-day.

D. I want to sell you something anyway.  
Come here. Come. Well, I want to tell you  
something.

(*Whispering.*) I've got the wind of something you  
have need

To hear. This way. (*B. follows.*) The strikers  
have a plot

Against your life.

B. How do you know?

D. Don't ask

Me how I know. I know, and that's enough.  
I've told enough to make my life not worth

A cast-off shoe if they should find it out.  
 Their plan is this: when all of you quit work  
 To-night, they mean to make a feint of an  
 Attack on all the gang, but let the rest  
 Escape and do the job for you. Now don't  
 You squeal on me or I am gone.

B.

Not while

My name is Boyle.

D. I know their plans so well  
 That I can shew you to a certainty  
 The way to trick them all. See, come up here.

(*He goes.*)

Now, when you quit to night, just make your chance  
 To sneak away up here alone, between  
 These piles of lumber. This, you see, is plank,  
 That siding. That in front of us you'll have  
 To climb. That brings you to the street; then use  
 Your wits and legs and you are safe. It makes  
 Me laugh to think how nicely you will block  
 Their game. (*Laughs.*) Won't they be riled for  
 once! But note

The place as you regard your life and cross  
 Right here.

B. I will. A thousand thanks to you.  
 Be sure I won't forget you after this.  
 But I must hurry back and shew myself.

SCENE—*In an old shop.*

BOB SNAG. I tell you, it's a tarnal shame to have  
 These scabs come in and take a fellow's bread.  
 Ain't these infernal imps of greediness

A-squeezing us to death? And when we make  
 A move to help ourselves these scabs are there  
 And help to make their villainy succeed.  
 I tell you boys, we have to fight or starve.  
 We have to whip them or be whipped ourselves.  
 It's come to be a thing of life or death  
 With us. And when it comes to that, are we  
 The stuff for them to walk right over and  
 To blow their nose on us? I ask you, Shall  
 We sit and suck our thumbs, with families  
 A-starving, inch by inch, when we can help  
 Ourselves?

THE OTHERS. By thunder no. No sir. Not much.

B. S. Then we shall have to give a claret hint;  
 And if they can't take that, another and  
 Another till they let us well alone.  
 They've started in, and let them blame themselves  
 For what they force us to. The fault is theirs,  
 Not ours.

JOE BLACK, *alias* BLACK JOE.—Well, what do you  
 propose?

B. S. There's Boyle,  
 That bosses this infernal thing. He is  
 The anchor of the whole concern. Get rid  
 Of him, the cable's cut and all the rest  
 Will drift. Now who will volunteer?

SLIM SAM. It is  
 A serious thing to take a human life,  
 Which, taken, cannot be restored.

B. S. I'm glad

You see it as a serious thing; for here's  
 A game where lives by hundreds are at stake,  
 And this mean scab would come and sweep the  
     board.

*Our* lives are threatened; and myself and Bob  
 Have other lives at stake. I swan it *is*  
 A serious thing. And who's to blame but him?  
 His action is a challenge; and shall we  
 Be mum and die, as monkeys drown, without  
 A move? Not if I know you Sam.

BIG BILL.

That's so.

B. S. He stakes his life, and we are giving odds;  
 So I propose that we shall play the game.  
 I'm ready with an ace to cover him.  
 I've fixed the thing and only want some help.

B. JOE. How many will you need?

B. S.

We four can do

The job up neat and earn the thanks of all  
 The boys.

B. JOE. Is everything in ship-shape? It's  
 A job that must be finished when begun.

S. S. Yes, have you got it safe?

B. S.

As safe as a

Mosquito 'tween one's thumb and finger. Let  
 Me see—it's nigh on half past four. Now boys,  
 This chance or we are whipped; and hell knows  
     what

Will come of us. Who's ready for the job?

B. JOE. Here's one.

B. B.

And me.

S. S.

And me.

B. S.

That's business. Now  
I'll shew you to the place and tell the plan.  
Then we mast scatter and return by ones,  
When I will shew you how to do the thing.  
But first a treat for luck ; so come along. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE—*In a lumber pile.*

SLIM SAM. Thunder! but he's an everlasting while.

BOB SNAG. He's sure to come ; you watch your  
corners well.

S. S. I swear but this is scaly work. I guess  
I wasn't made for this.

B. S.

It's not our fault.

They force us to it ; and it's only what  
They're doing in a slower way. You see,  
He's boss ; he eggs them on ; and if we fix  
Him that will warn the rest and may-be save  
A score of other lives as well as ours.  
No telling what may happen if we don't.  
Besides, it's me and Joe to fix him up.  
You only—sh—here he comes. Now for  
Showing who is boss. (*Boyle passes between the  
lumber piles. Big Bill and Slim Sam step before  
him.*)

BIG BILL. Good evening Ben. (*In turning, he  
is struck by Bob Snag and falls.*)

BACK JOE. (*Striking.*)

One more

To make it sure. All hands. (*They throw him in-  
to the water.*)

B. S.

Good-by old cuss! (*Exeunt.*)



SCENE.—*In the old shop.*

SLIM SAM. That fellow's looks keep hounding me  
both day

And night, and which is worse, the day or night,  
I hardly know. Did you hear him when he  
Struck the water how he groaned?

BLACK JOE.

No, that was

No time to clear my ears of wax, and hold  
My hand behind my ear, to filter groans.  
My business called me to another place;  
So, when he splashed, I thought of number one  
And let him have the best my legs could give.  
The job was neatly done. That's all I know.

S. S. I tell you, but I heard him groan—and such  
A groan! Not one that has a lusty pain  
At back of it. It was as though a soul  
Groaned, and my soul responded with a groan,  
That lifted up my scalp and made a chill  
Go tingling through my skin, and pricking pains  
At bottom of my back strike inward. Then  
The sweat poured out and I let out from there.  
That groan has left its ghost within my ear  
And haunts it like a murmur in a shell.  
Last night, it was the staple of my dreams.  
I heard the wind blow; and it blew in groans.  
I stood beside a cataract; and as  
It struck the bowlders, every bowlder groaned.  
I stepped sheer o'er a precipice, and woke  
Like one who has the ague; and I saw  
His face the way it looked when he perceived

That you and Bob were back of him. My soul !  
 I hope I may not see the like again.  
 I couldn't sleep another wink. I durstn't sleep ;  
 And so I walked the floor. And even now  
 It makes my stomach sick to think of it.

B. J. Oh fudge ! Don't be white-livered now it's  
 done.

S. S. Well, fudge or no fudge, it has followed me  
 To-day so closely that I've turned upon  
 The street to see when there was no one near. (*Enter*  
*Bob Snag.*) Gosh ! how you made me start.

B. J. Sam's got a touch  
 Of chicken fever.

B. S. Chicken fever, eh ?  
 Well, time has got a score of cures for that.  
 It's like a child's first bugaboo that makes  
 It shy for weeks. Before he lives to be  
 A hundred he will find that life means war ;  
 And every fellow has to fight to hold  
 His own. When he gets pounded round the-world  
 Like me, I guess he wont spend days and nights  
 Trying to manufacture pity for a wretch  
 We struck in standing for our rights. He'll find  
 That pity needs to roost at home.

S. S. I don't  
 Know that ; but if my hands were clean 'twould be  
 A long, long day before you caught me in  
 A scrape like this. Some men aint made to kill,  
 And I am one of them ; and how on earth  
 I came to have a hand in it I don't

Begin to see. It's queer what spells one has  
Of playing fool. I guess the difference twixt  
Men is, that some are always fools; the rest  
Are fools sometimes.

B. S.                      My gracious granny! What  
A streak of blue you've got around your lip!  
You must have had the colic in the night.  
Why, Sam, you're not beyond the baby stage.  
You need to have your gristle turn to bone  
Before you face this rough-and-tumble world.  
Blue! Why a fellow ought to laugh to think  
How nice a job we did, without a track.  
I'll trust the water for the tales it tells.  
Golly! but wont they scratch their heads and feel  
A trifle ticklish when they find no Boyle?  
I guess they *have* enquired a score of times,  
"Where's Boyle?" "Has anyone seen Boyle?" Ha!  
ha!

It must be better than a penny show  
To see how colicky the crowd is now. (*Enter Big  
Bill.*)

B. B. Have you heard it?

B. J.                      Heard what?

B. B.                      The peelers have  
His body.

B. S. By thunder! How do you know?

B. B. The boys says so, they do.

B. S.                      That springs a leak;  
For now they'll all be wide awake for tracks. (*A  
pause.*)

B. S. Keep cool as cucumbers on ice and don't  
Be seen together, then we all may wink  
And whistle Rory-o-more.

B. J. Sam, how pale  
You look!

B. S. What! got the inside shakes? Come now,  
Be chirk and sing, When my old granny was  
Young. Tighten up your jib and starboard helm.  
Listen and hear the old brass rooster crow.  
Why Sam, we didn't make the world, but found  
It cut and dried, and have to make the best  
We can of what we have. If now and then  
We get a leathery piece to chew—why, get  
The juice out if you can, or if you can't,  
Just swallow it. But anyway, don't puke.  
Pshaw! you're like a tombstone—white, silent, and  
Your face a solemn epitaph that tells  
Of the departed soul. Now shake your dust  
And come to life again.

S. S. I reckon we  
Must make the best we can of it, if best  
There be.

B. S. There now, there now! That sounds like  
Sam.

Another sweat will bring you out all right.  
Come, take a glass; I'm not quite out of chink.  
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE.—*The Detective's back room.*

DETECTIVE. Where is the lady friend you told me  
of?

I hoped ere this to feast my eyes and heart  
 Upon the highest evolved form  
 In earthly guise.

DARK LANTERN. Ah! now I see you joke;  
 And men daub not with jokes what has the best  
 Place in their heart, but wash their hands when they  
 Would touch its robes.

D. By all that's great, I do  
 Protest you misinterpret me. I love  
 Her on your word; for though the visual sense  
 Has not received her form, the attributes  
 That glorify the form are such as make  
 Her glorious in my eye—more glorious to  
 My heart. When can you give an introduction?

D. L. I might to-day. But should her heart go out  
 To you and find that yours is ice she would  
 Be sad; and words would not have power to tell  
 How sad my heart would feel for her; for I  
 Have none on earth more dear.

D. Since you can love  
 Her so she must be worthy of my love;  
 For we are so alike that what can warm  
 Your heart can not be cold to mine Tell me  
 Her complexion.

D. L. As fair at least as mine.

D. Her eyes—have they the deep black luster  
 that

Bespeaks volcanic fires, or the mild blue  
 In which one looks for quiet stars and soft  
 Etherial attributes like summer clouds?

D. L. I need be proud if mine be grey and deep  
With strength of soul as hers.

D. Ah! like the clouds  
That nurse the lightning in electric arms.  
And has her hair the flaxen glossiness  
Of yours, so like the tint of amber clouds?

D. L. I hope that mine is rich and fair as hers,  
That you may think as well of it.

D. I think  
Your hair is worthy of your character.  
Rich hue, deep soul. I always did admire  
Your hair.

D. L. Then hers is sure to please you well.

D. What is her contour? delicate in grace,  
Or brawny, like her soul?

D. L. It suits me to  
A dot.

D. Then there must be affinity  
Between the two; for only kindred souls  
Can find their ideal in each other thus;  
And that still glorifies her character.  
For you I deem a most uncommon man;  
To say which need not bring a blush to warm  
The cheek of modesty. You are too strong  
For that.—I vow, Joblinsky, you have fired  
My heart as never was before. I must  
Be introduced to her. But do you think  
It probable she will reciprocate  
My love?

D. L. Ah now! You read my heart and I

Will tell you hers.

D. Of course. Yet, knowing both,  
You have a base for an opinion.

D. L. You need  
Not fear; for she can love a great high soul  
That hates the rich and proud and smites the wrong.  
But she has such a heart that she would want  
All yours.

D. That's noble, brave, and just to ask.  
It shews the greatness of her soul; for which  
I but admire her all the more. She is  
A queen to rate herself so royally—  
A sage with so acute a sense of right.  
To her I consecrate my heart to its  
Last atom—yea, to its last particle  
Divisible.

D. L. Then you shall see her face.  
And now, what work of good have you to do?

D. Prudence has put her finger to her lip,  
And Caution bids us halt a little while,  
Until the opportunities evolve  
From the volcanic chaos of affairs.  
The longshore strikers have to lick the dust.  
The railroaders may have to do the same.  
And now the tyrants have their hirelings out  
Snuffing for tracks in every secret place.  
But how soon can you bring your lady friend?

D. L. What! will your deep love drown you  
should I not?

Now this I bid you do: look in my eye



And see her as a soft cloud in a lake,  
Which is the ghost of what is in the sky.  
Kiss me and she shall have that kiss from you;  
And when you give to me my soul will give  
You back as good a kiss.

D. What! kiss a man  
And think I have the nectar of so grand  
A woman's lips!

D. L. Let your soul give it and  
My soul will make it sweet; for her you kiss  
Through me.

D. 'Twill be adulterated honey.

D. L. Call me the comb and say you get it pure.

D. Here then I kiss you, and the thought of her  
Gives sweetness to it. (*Kissing Joblinsky.*)

Oh sweetness! you kiss  
As though her soul were in your lips. Do let  
Me see her quickly as you can.

D. L. Her soul  
Is here for all that we can see, as friends  
Are with us in our dreams. Why not?

(*Enter Jack Helms.*)

J. H. We're whipped—  
Internationally whipped, from head to foot.  
But then we shewed our grit, and that is worth  
One licking anyway. Well, luck ain't all  
Upon the boss's side the penny. They  
Have had their toss-up, and we may have ours  
And change the heads and tails. Wait till we get  
A million strong, or more, and see if they



Don't have to touch their hats to us and say,  
"Please gentlemen." I hope to see that day.  
See here Joblinsky ; have you got a match ?

D. L. Yes, all you want, and one or two to  
spare.

J. H. We want it somewhere after dark, and the  
Dark Lantern there to strike it.

D. L. Ah ! I see.  
No need to grease a stream to make it flow.

J. H. All right. We'll shew you where the  
channel is.

## CHAPTER III.

SCENE.—*On Shipboard.*

MR. BUNCO. Both of us returning to the States.

You

Are from?

MR. NORTON. New York.

B.                    The Empire State; and I  
From Hoosierdom—two of the brightest stars  
That glitter o'er the stripes; no little boast  
Where all are so magnificent. Is not  
The States the marvel of the world?

N. I guess  
The world is rather reticent upon  
That point; at least, I have not heard the world  
Express herself.

B.                      That's tally one for you.  
But really, the like was never seen—  
The way things go ahead. It's touch and go  
In everything. Look at our matchless wealth—  
Enough to make the world feel beggarly ;  
The grandeur of our commerce—interstate  
And foreign—what can equal it ? Our mines,  
Forests, farms—everything upon a scale  
That whips creation out of countenance.

No wonder brother Jonathan is tall,  
 With such a stimulus to pride. It is  
 Enough to make a hunchback straighten out;  
 Enough to warm a toad at Christmastide.

N. What genius does it need to spend from a  
 Full pocketbook?

B. But then the life—the life  
 And energy there is in everything!  
 No plodding, dawdling pokiness that  
 Lets its shadow run away from it.  
 Up while the sun is putting on his clothes,  
 And pop and go all day, like lightning with  
 A thunderghost behind it. Wonderful!  
 Tut! talk of Greece, Rome, Europe! they are left  
 To moulder in the dust of Fogeydom.  
 We lack the time to read their epitaph.  
 Well, Europe is the tail-end of the past  
 And wags a little; but—oh pshaw! What's that?  
 It wags because we live to give it life.

A. Given a sulky—short-time-horse—race course  
 and  
 A fast young man—the dust is sure to fly.  
 We have them all, and dust enough to blind  
 Ourselves. A billion people will reduce  
 Our oats and—speed. We then shall learn, what now  
 We fail to see, that they who fastest run  
 Will soonest find the goal.

B. The present for  
 The present and the future for itself.

N. The future cannot eat the bread we waste.

Then let us, while we dine, remember that  
Posterity must sup off what we leave.

B. Just so; and see how we develop things  
And leave them handy for posterity.  
It's wonderful; it's more than wonderful,  
The way we get our railroads, boats, big farms—  
Big everything to match the country's size;  
And all by Uncle Samuel saying, Let  
It be.

N. More wonderful than wise; and yet  
Not wonderfully wonderful. Who gets  
The good of it?

B. Of course, the country.

N. Let  
Us see. A railroad built. Ten millions paid  
By government, the States and people on the route.  
Five millions pay six thousand, who have built  
The road, and five the half-a-dozen men  
Who sat and played a game of euchre then  
Gave word, Men, build that road. Which do you call  
The country—The six thousand or the six?

B. Undoubtedly, she gets the good of it.

N. Yes, as she would if you and I should rob  
The treasury and pay some men to take  
Our plunder to a private place.

B. Well, there's  
The road; and roads we certainly must have.

N. In such a way? At such a price? Built for  
Five million; costing ten. What get we for  
The other five? Six lawful thieves. Dear sir!

'Tis so. Most these developments are schemes  
 For theft, and our developers desire  
 The country's progress as the horse thief does  
 That of the stolen animal he rides.  
 Few schemes of progress are on foot without  
 A thief upon their back ; because we have  
 So many valuables lying loose.  
 Now take the road the country's money built.  
 The six who played the game have got it as  
 Their stakes ; because they so developed things.  
 Henceforth there is a partnership in gain  
 Between the country and the mighty six ;  
 These helping that and that the life of these.  
 The *country* means the millions, who divide  
 One half the good. The six divide the other half,  
 A glorious tribute this to equal rights !  
 No wonder that we have developers !  
 Take next your mammoth farm. Fertility  
 Exhausted by the mile, to feed a few  
 And make a millionaire ; the country's fat  
 Glutting the markets of the world, that one  
 May be plethoric at the cost of all.  
 And profits minimized—but swelled  
 By acres to prodigious aggregates—  
 By which the toiler's profits minimize,  
 Who labors more and gets one tenth, or less ;  
 Thus pinching millions by their "enterprise."  
 Alas the country that has such developers !  
 It is but dying of giganticide.  
 For what are these and other schemes of greed

But cups with which they draw the country's blood;  
 Our boasts, but pledges to posterity  
 To leave our gridiron and the country's bones?  
 Let us place Equity before us on  
 A pedestal; then bow, and on our knees  
 Ask why a few who have the cool and hard  
 Audacity of greed, and wizard skill,  
 Should thus be free to prey upon the wealth  
 That is the heritage of all, and use  
 The honest toiler as an instrument—  
 In the simplicity of pure intent—  
 To perpetrate this gross iniquity  
 And ignorantly play the suicide.  
 The oracle will be as marble, mute.  
 Development is incidental to  
 Their greed. Fraud is the great prime factor in  
 Affairs; for fraud it is, howe'er it gets,  
 That takes our wealth without equivalent.

B. And yet we must develop, after all,  
 Or else die poor with millions 'neath our feet.

N. Develop what? Not covert theft, but toil;  
 Not leagues of land, but character; not mines  
 So much as men, nor cliques as citizens.  
 Thus far we legislate the trickster up,  
 The toiler down. We give facilities  
 To Knavery in its craft, and fill the path  
 Of Industry with stumbling-blocks. We bend  
 The knee of sycophants to Genius—that  
 Is oft but pampered Indolence—and warp  
 Our nose at hands that touch the dirt. Yes sir,

We deify the drone that lives to eat  
 What others earn, and step on him who earns  
 What others eat. So true is this, that we  
 Esteem those lowest whom we need the most,  
 Those highest whom we need the least. Thus wealth  
 And social status grade from industry  
 To throne-highs of imperial laziness.  
 Who does the most is least. Who does the least  
 Is most. Thus industry is handicapped.  
 We need a gospel whose beatitudes  
 Are based on worth, as gauged by what  
 We do to meet the common wants. The prime  
 And never ceasing wants of man are the  
 Imperative; and that which meets them must  
 Be deemed superlative. Our dudish whims  
 And trumperies—the trifles of a day—  
 The jingling emptinesses that we drool  
 On, are as nothing to our mother's milk.

B. But brains deserve the highest market price.  
 Why, any mule has muscle. It is brains  
 That wins.

N. Yes, wins, not earns. Pray what is brains  
 As a commodity? Must it be weighed  
 By pennyweights and valued by carats—  
 Each organ have its own specific price?  
 Then cry down muscle; let us be all brains  
 And dwell in castles made of air, be clothed  
 With sunshine and subsist on angels' food.  
 But while we still are muscle, flesh, and bone,  
 And get along in a material way,

Muscle will be a necessary thing ;  
Hence were it premature to cry it down.  
Or give to brains preeminence, then grade  
It in the bulk—by quality, not kind—  
And cultivate the universal brains.  
For why have muscle minus brains when we  
Can have it plus? The germane blunder of  
The ages shews right here—a blunder now  
Become a petrified oppression and  
A suicidal wrong. Muscle has been  
Belittled, and degraded that it might  
Be little, then denied its rights. Toil has  
Been plebeianized, the toiler doomed, by scant  
Reward, to be the crafty sluggard's drudge.  
Who gives with greatest faithfulness his time,  
His energies, his life, to aid the weal  
Of all, is trodden down, and then condemned  
For being down, and there, by arrogance  
Of egotistic tyranny, is doomed  
To stay, unless, by some herculean feat,  
He smites the hydra of society  
And gains a place with men.

B.                                You cannot mean  
That all must share alike, incompetence  
And indolence be deemed at par. Then were  
There no incentives to excel.

N. I mean  
The opposite. I mean, democracy  
Within the realm of toil; that quantity  
And quality—not aristocracy



Of kind—should be the guage of its reward.  
 I mean, that faithfulness in any branch  
 Should equalize the possibilities  
 In that with any other branch. I mean,  
 That we should legislate to raise the poor.  
 Assume the abnormalty of their  
 Condition and restore them as we do  
 The sick. Remove the pestilential cause  
 Of most their poverty and wretchedness—  
 The fumes that have the scent of brothel, blood,  
 And every poisonous stench in one—instead  
 Of leaving these for weakly natures to  
 Inhale, that barrel-paunches may distend.  
 Degrade no class by a degrading pay  
 For faithful work; but make it *possible*  
 For all to rise. Trust not the wretch whom we  
 Have cursed with an adverse environment  
 To doom his child to dungeon ignorance.  
 In brief: restrain the rich and help the poor  
 To rise. No prudent shepherd turns his flock  
 To feed upon the mow and leaves the goats  
 To waste what ought to feed the sheep. Yet so  
 Have we. And while the goats grow sleek, we stroke  
 Their backs and kick the sheep, whose wool must  
     keep  
 Us warm. And then we compliment ourselves;  
 Because the scrambler makes the fodder fly.

SCENE.—*In the public hall.*

NORTON. My brothers! I esteem this office as  
 The highest place to which I could be called—

To shape their thought, and guide their action, who  
Would recognize a *Human Brotherhood*.

Now, by the grace of friendship and your votes  
Elected President, I shall proceed  
To state my views—first of society  
At large, its wrongs and rights, then how those  
                    wrongs

May be redressed, the rights secured. The past  
Has been a worshiper of Power; nor is  
The present free from that idolatry.

'Twas first the brawny force of brutish men;  
And then the force of favored intellects;  
And now of unrestricted wealth. And each  
Of them has had its abject devotees.

The first made nations stagger as it strewed  
The earth with skulls. The next, by cunning, yoked  
Mens' minds with false philosophies of life  
And made them beasts of burden to their peers.  
The last—as ruthless as its ancestors—  
Holds a hard hand upon our loaf

And makes us do obsequence for our slice.  
Power may be Liberty's right arm. And such  
It is when it insures our rights. But when  
Infringing on the rights of others, it  
Is despotism, glaze it as we may.

Ask, What is right? It is an equal chance  
To share the common stock, by common toil,  
And be protected by the common arm;—  
For Dives no more; for Lazarus no less.

And now I ask, Have you an equal chance?

In view of all the facts I answer, No ;  
 And thousand-throated laws of people yet  
 Unborn will emphasize that No. To have  
 Your children doomed to disability  
 Because of ignorance that is entailed  
 By ages of oppression, gives you not  
 An equal chance. To be entrammeled with  
 The prejudices of a social state  
 That darker days have fastened on you, gives  
 You not an equal chance. To have men look  
 On you as on a lower order and  
 To legislate you to a lower place,  
 Gives not an equal chance. To add your share  
 Unto the total of the nation's wealth,  
 Yet not receive in measure as you give,  
 Gives not an equal chance. To do a work  
 That more contributes to the country's needs,  
 And yet receive less pay than those who do  
 The less, gives not an equal chance. To make  
 It possible for an insatiate greed,  
 And expert cunning, to monopolize  
 Their rounded millions by their wits, gives not  
 An equal chance. To let the millionaire  
 Transmit his spoil to ravenous hands, gives not  
 An equal chance. To let these legates  
 Employ their wealth as lever-power to gain  
 Them more, gives not an equal chance. In all  
 These ways you have been robbed, and are ; robbed of  
 Your rights ; robbed of the dearest elements  
 Of liberty.

BIG BILL. That's so.

N. And here I state  
 An axiomatic, adamantine truth ;  
 Whoe'er is privileged beyond ourselves  
 Has more than right or we have less. And power  
 Is privilege; and wealth is power; and who  
 Has wealth beyond his share is privileged  
 To be a despot; which is wrong. The rich  
 Will say that we have equal privilege  
 With them of getting wealth. I answer, 'Tis  
 Akin to savagery to make the land  
 A carcass and allow the strong to gorge  
 And starve the weak. I answer, Right is  
 Not the slave, it is the lord of Power. The power  
 To brain me gives to none the right. No more  
 Does power to rob. The power to take by force  
 The product of my toil gives none the right.  
 No more does power to take by artfulness;  
 Nor more the product of the country's toil.  
 We ask not such equality. We want  
 No partnership in wrong, but right. We make  
 The substance of our lives a common stock;  
 Then we demand the worth of what we pay.  
 We ask no more; and we protest against  
 The use of false keys by the more adroit.  
 But some expatiate on the rights of wealth.  
 That has no rights to which men have no right.  
 And such is wealth that multiplies their power.  
 And such is power from wealth that is not earned.  
 I ask, can much create the right to more?

I ask, is evidence of what is paid  
 But proof of what the country owes? I ask,  
 Must rich men melt their gold to manacles  
 And make us slaves, then wax sarcastic by  
 Reminding us of our equality?  
 Should wealth keep gathering in these focal hoards,  
 To what stupendous tyranny must their  
 Oppressions grow! We, relatively, should  
 Be serfs to those who held our loaf, ourselves.  
 Indeed, our syndicates are money-kings,  
 Whose millions rule the separate realms of wealth  
 And threaten us with iron sceptered wrongs.  
 They rob us from the cradle to the grave,  
 And squeeze our corpse in sepulture for blood.  
 We hear the claims of genius trumpeted,  
 Which, nineteen times in twenty, means but shirk.  
 But give us genius of the genuine kind.  
 What then? A pivot-fact is overlooked.  
 The product of the past—its brain and brawn—  
 Is common property, on which we all  
 Have equal claim. Who draws on this is so  
 Far debtor to the common fund and earns  
 But profit on the capital. But men  
 Have been so purblind to the fact that, when  
 One blinked the debt and claimed the principal,  
 The law allowed the fraud. He thus  
 Has been rewarded for the genius of  
 Our ancestors. As well reward one for  
 The railroads that the country's money built,  
 Because he made a better coupling for

Their cars. But ask, Is genius such that he  
 Whose services are needed most deserves  
 The least? Must one be priveleged to waste  
 And others doomed to want, because the first  
 Effeminates us while the other feeds?  
 Is Nature's plan, a blessing for a few  
 And for the rest a curse, that genius is  
 So multiform? And must their penalty  
 Be poverty whose genius craft taboos?  
 But why go further, like a ferret, through  
 The burrows of their sophistry? Brothers!  
 We are the footballs of the lords of power.  
 Booted with wealth, they kick us to and fro.

Big Bill. That's so.

N. We must assert the might of right,  
 As they the right of might, and rouse ourselves  
 To leave the graveclothes of the past, and in  
 A resurrected manhood stand upon  
 An equal level with the favored ones.  
 Yet understand me here. While I denounce  
 Their lordly power, and breathe my protest, with  
 The utmost emphasis of soul, against  
 Their usurpations, I do not forget  
 That they have been, and are, supported by  
 The sanctions of the law. And few of us,  
 'Tis probable, would spurn if offered us,  
 What they possess.

B. B. That's so.

A VOICE. (*In an undertone.*) Bill's right this time.

N. The primal wrong, we see, is in the law.  
 Correct it, we correct resultant wrongs.  
 'Twere well to note that what is rooted in  
 The centuries cannot be uprooted in  
 A day. Nor is it by a cyclone of  
 Revenge that we can serve ourselves. To wreck  
 Our neighbor will not build us up. What reared  
 The wrong, reversed, must tear it down. But how  
 Can we reverse? Prevent monopolies  
 Of land. Our life is in it. Let it be  
 For homes, not fortunes; for the many, not  
 The few. Confine the working of our mines  
 Within the bounds of our necessities;  
 Nor let a dozen make us jackals, while  
 Their pockets hold the lion's share; yea, while  
 The country buys their surplus up, to save  
 It from decay and make them sleek. In all  
 Its railroads let the State hold stock, to have  
 Its finger on their pulse; and let it press  
 The profits to the lowest point, to check  
 The growth of greed; nor let it millionize  
 A few. Tax anacondic syndicates—  
 Which make the toiling citizens their prey—  
 Upon a rising plane. They need a scotch  
 To make them ease their coils. Our patent laws  
 Must be revised. Let manufacturers  
 Compete on paying license for the right  
 And royalty on what they make—and so  
 Prevent the bloat of huge monopolies,  
 The breath of whose extortions blights the bloom



Of trade and turns a blessing to a curse.  
 And do not royalize the patentee  
 With royalty, giving a Morse or Howe  
 The crown that other hands had wrought, because  
 They added each a gem. Tax wealth upon  
 A sliding scale; for 'tis her wealth must meet  
 The country's bills; and they who hold it hold  
 It but in trust. Tax it when death ensues  
 From one to seventy-five per cent. By such  
 Devices we may part prevent, part cure,  
 This dropsy that is threatening us with death.  
 That such were just 'tis clear. 'Tis needful for  
 The general good; and on the good of all  
 Hangs that of each. The individual needs  
 Not what would keep a host; and hence  
 He wrongs a host in hoarding what they need.  
 And is not his: and aught that overmetes  
 His toil cannot be his. The dead has ceased  
 His wants, powers, rights; nor must we recognize  
 The ghost of his prerogative and let  
 Posthumous proxies have transmitted power  
 To scourge the living. Whence it came is where  
 His wealth belongs. In brief—the motto for  
 The coming time is this: *Who earns must have;*  
*Nor more nor less than what he earns.* Towards this  
 The index finger of the present points;  
 Towards this the caravan of progress moves.  
 And now I say, Go on and agitate.  
 Make wings for truth and let her fly abroad.



(*On the street.*)

BOB SNAG. What think you of our President?  
He knows a thing or two.

LEW LURK. His talk has too much twoness.

B. S. Why now, I thought he gave the sharks  
slam-bang.

L. And who would fish without a bait? I've seen  
These split-tongued gentlemen before to-day.

They talk on both sides of a fence at once.

Oh yes! Denounce the rich, to tickle us,  
Then talk of righting things by law; as though  
The villains didn't make the laws to suit  
Themselves. I tell you, there's a crack in all  
Such talk. But I'm not cracked enough to swallow it.  
This waiting—having patience—letting things  
Work out, means talk instead of do. But I've  
A heap of faith in doing something, and  
In doing it at once. Then see how slick  
The way they made him President. They must  
Have thrown their ropes and got the gang-plank out  
Before he reached the dock. No time to speak  
Or think before the thing was done. It's true  
He knows a thing or two.

B. S. Well, anyway,  
He's smart.

L. Yes, smart enough to make us smart.

(*SCENE—The Detective's back room.*)

DETECTIVE. Has not your lady friend come with  
you yet?

DARK LANTERN. That theme was last and now  
is first with you.

D. I vow, Joblinsky, but you tantalize me  
With your tardiness. 'Twere better not  
To tell of Paradise than close the gates  
Against my hopes. Come, let me see  
The only one that I have dared to love.  
She must be an uncommon creature thus  
To rapture me unseen. Men say that mind  
Can act on mind without regard to space.  
And verily my soul is magnetized  
By hers. Tell me that I shall see her ere  
Another sun is crimsoned in the west.

D. L. What more can you than love? And that  
you say  
You do. What more can she than love? And that  
I say she does. The proof is in your heart,  
As you have said. But I can tell you more.  
Your love has seen your face and likes you well,  
And calls you love, and says your kiss was sweet,  
And that she hopes it was a drop of a  
Full sea that she may drain.

D. Excuse me if  
I play the fool, as every man does once.  
But what was love has evolved to  
A passion, and I feel exalted, by  
The law of differentiation, to  
A higher type of being. You, perhaps,  
Have not attained to this, and cannot know  
The scientific potency of love,



To hers that you could personate her to  
The wearing of her dress?

D. L. As to the bust,  
Mine might be hers.

D. Oh queenly fullness for  
A woman's form! And length?

D. L. So near  
You scarce would note a fault.

D. Suberb! Is she  
Prepared to set the day?

D. L. She says that you  
May choose the day.

D. Then why delay when that  
But chafes the heart? How will to-morrow suit?

D. L. Right, well if that be what you choose.

D. It is.

D. L. Then ere the day be gone your eyes and  
lips  
Shall meet, and you shall greet her as your wife.  
But ere that comes I want to do one more  
Great deed.

D. Wipe out the depot for the boys?  
Yes, let the vultures have their gizzards warmed.  
I wish a red-hot shot were in their hearts.

D. L. This night my eyes shall watch the perch  
and warm  
Them all they want. The next good news that  
comes

To you shall have two wings.

D. Yes, love and fire;

And both alike make hotter still my heart.

SCENE—*In the Detective's Lodgings.*

DETECTIVE. I vow, but nature has outdone herself  
In making you a manly man with all  
Of woman's lovely qualities. It must  
Be that she takes an evolving step  
In you, combining what is best in both.  
You simulate the sex amazingly.  
I might have wished you were a woman but  
I recollect your word that she is not  
Inferior to her representative.

D. L. You soon shall have a chance to judge.

D. I'd risk

A thousand justices detecting you.

Here comes the justice. I will have my friends  
Come in. (*Enter justice followed by two others,*  
*when the marriage ceremony is performed.*)

D. (*In a whisper.*) Is she at hand?

D. L. Yes, when

These leave. (*Exeunt justice and others. Bell rings*  
*at the front door.*)

D. That must be her.

D. L. Your wife is here.

D. Oh, fortunate! You introduce her. But  
There needs no ceremony in a case  
Like this.

D. L. Then none there shall be, for my name,  
Which was Lille Slave, is now Lille Swab. Then

see

Your wife in me. Yes, look; I am your wife.

(*Laughing.*)

D. What! you a woman? You Joblinsky! You Lille Slave? Are you in earnest now? Tell me.

D. L. You so will find; and may I give you joy!

D. Blessed deception! and more blest to be  
Thus undeceived. Your words prove true, and more  
Than true, in every syllable. I looked  
For ruby and a diamond meets my eye.  
Now there is double sweetness in your kiss.

(*Kisses her.*)

(*A knock at the room door. A man enters.*)

DETECTIVE ELLINWOOD.

John Swab?

D. The same.

E. My name is Ellinwood. I called—  
Ah! there's the very article I want,  
Though in a somewhat curious looking wrapper.  
You will come with me Joblinsky.

D. That is  
My wife:

E. Perhaps. But don't you think it just  
A trifle ticklish for a man to let  
His wife be out at night playing with fire  
About a railroad depot? Come along;  
We understand the wife arrangement.

D. What—  
What do you mean?

E. I mean that something mean  
Was tried last night by one Joblinsky, and  
Your *wife* knows what it was. But come along.

D. Shew your authority for her arrest.

E. For hers or his I have too much for health.  
The why and wherefore will reveal itself  
As soon as pleasant to the one concerned.  
If you can take advice, I say, keep cool.

D. I do protest against—

E. I don't deny  
The privilege. Go on protesting. But  
We have to go another way.

D. By all that's human! Do you mean to handcuff her?

E. A bracelet; that is all.

D. I swear, it is  
Outrageous, fiendish, hellish, damnable!

E. Why not  
A woman wear the ornament she earns?

D. L. Keep heart. My heart at least will be  
with you this night.

D. O Liberty! O Justice! are  
Your bones about the kennels of the tyrant? (*To  
Ellinwood.*)

A moment and I'll go with you.

E. Come at  
Your leisure; we may want you yet. (*Exeunt.*)

D. Oh me!  
Oh me! oh me! A married man without  
A wife. My heart's one jewel seen then snatched  
Away while I was gloating o'er my prize.  
The cup of matrimonial bliss against  
My lips then broken ere I taste. My life's

Trimmed wick ablaze and then blown out. My sun  
 Eclipsed at the horizon's verge. Oh the  
 Keen stinging of a venomed tongue, to hear  
 The fellow call my wife Joblinsky! Yes,  
 My wife—my wife! Why, what am I about?  
 The fool I am to let her go and I  
 Stay here. My wife in handcuffs! Rather let  
 My soul have handcuffs on it and he haled  
 To death in dark and loathsome dungeon. Then  
 To have him call my wife an article!  
 I wish I'd brought the claret from his nose  
 For that. Well, anyway, I'll follow her  
 And die in slow conjugal martyrdom.  
 But whitherto? What station-house? I am  
 Perplexed—perplexed. By Jupiter! affairs  
 Have got a most reversionary cast.  
 The moneron represents my State. One hour  
 The highest type of manhood's bliss is mine;  
 The next, inglorious proneness in the slime  
 Of a primordial woe.—The wretch, the fiend!  
 I wonder what was couched at back of that  
 Enigma, "We may want you yet." No doubt  
 It is a cloud that shadows forth a storm.  
 May want you—you—you; meaning me. I'll arm  
 Myself and make them pay for what they get.  
 I'll get two good revolvers, trusty friends—  
 Friends that will do my bidding—and a dirk,  
 Then die amid the trophies of revenge.—  
*May want you yet.* The Parthian import of  
 That backward shot has struck a vital part;



Nor can I draw the arrow out. There is  
 A density of meaning there that is  
 Too much for me. (*A knock.*) Oh that I had my  
 arms!

Who's there?

A VOICE. Bob Snag.

D. Come in. (*Enters.*) You startled me.  
 Strange feelings visit men at times and, like  
 A swarm of vultures on a carcass, tear  
 Their heart as common carrion, and are hard  
 To drive away. I was engaged in such  
 A task when—knock, I heard you at the door.

B. S. No wonder. That's a warning sign to bid  
 You watch the nor'west corner of affairs  
 For squalls. I've come to say that hell's cut loose  
 Our stays, and things are getting tangled up,  
 And we may all get beached, or something worse.  
 I heard a stranger whispering on the dock  
 About a dwarf who had some pantaloons  
 For sale the day that Boyle was killed. He had  
 A mousing look, enough to give a chap  
 The cholera. And sure enough it made  
 Me sick; and so I dropped my work to let  
 You know. And now, if I know anything,  
 The thing for you to do is just to cast  
 Your shadow somewhere west of here or else  
 In Canada. But if they should come up  
 With you, don't squeal. You see, I've done the best  
 I can for you and hope you'll turn up trumps.

(*The Detective groans.*)

What! waterlogged like that? Come, man your  
pumps

And luff and you'll come out all right. But hard  
Your helm at once.

D. Thanks Bill. I want to be  
Alone to lay my plans.

B. S. Good-by then. Best  
Of luck. (*Exit. A long pause.*)

D. That strands me quite. Henceforth I must  
Be battered by the billows of misfortune.  
Those liquid sharks will gnaw 'me, plank by plank,  
Till not a vestige of the hulk remains.

Luck was it that he said—the best of luck?

The best of luck is his whose death was an  
Eternity before his birth. Death—life.

They are the ventricles of Nature's heart,  
Which keep the venous and arterial blood  
In ebb and flow of rushing consciousness.

But who shall give us their anatomy?

Who tell us all the mystery of their tides?

Is every life a tide-rush through her heart,  
To be repeated in another life,

And each evolving towards a higher mark?

I am dumbfounded and agnosticised

In presence of such problems. But enough.

To live is but to be a fool. To die is—well,

No worse. And yet there is a clamminess

About this thought of death that fidgets one.—

Was that a knock? No. Only a coal-cart.

What can I hope? Despair! hold thou my fate.

No, that were hardly worthy of myself.  
 I'll flee to Canada and leave them in  
 The lurch. And yet, who knows how near they  
     are?

They may be coming up the street. But if  
 I went to Canada, what then? Must I  
 Leave all behind, save what I fain would leave;  
 Live like a felon in a chosen cell,  
 Startled at every step about the door;  
 Yearning to know, and yet afraid to hear,  
 Of things behind? That could but be the dregs  
 Of life—a prolongation of the pangs  
 Of death, whose torment every year would still  
 Increase. But who knows where the tyrants are?  
 Oh, that I had my arms to meet the worst!  
 Then would I rid the world of one of them.  
 Enough; I have the matter in my hands.  
 By this I cheat them if I cannot kill. (*Taking a  
     vial from a drawer.*)

Here's everything between a thumb and finger.

(*Holding up the vial.*)

There are two worlds—one on each side of it.  
 Inside is death; outside is life—here time,  
 Which makes me what I am, and there  
 Eternity, which makes me what I was  
 Before I was. I am the god of Fate  
 And hold his keys as master of myself.  
 I will defy them to their worst and leave  
 Them but a shell. So shall they see that I  
 Was much too great for them, and brave as great.

(*The front door bell rings.*) By Jupiter! I wonder whether that be them.

(*He drinks.*) That settles it. Now let them come.

(*A pause.*) Not them? I was precipitate. I might Have waited and consulted further with

Myself. But it is done and cannot be

Undone. Oh me! oh me! I was too rash.

I wonder whether it is still too late

To get assistance. No, that scarce would do.

It may be I shall come out right. Indeed,

I feel as though a sleep would pull me through.

It will refresh me and compose my nerves.

(*He sleeps and dies.*)

(SCENE—*The same. Detective Trip at the door.*)

TRIP. (*To landlord.*) Is this Swab's room?

LANDLORD. (*Whispering.*) Yes, he was married there

An hour ago and got his honeymoon

Eclipsed without the first forewarning from

The almanac—went out like spitting on

A spark. Detective took her off and had

The whistlets on her. Something's up.

T.

There may

Be more than one thing up. Swab, I suppose,

Went with her?

L.

No, I reckon not. I heard

Him in his room a little while ago. (*Trip looks through the keyhole.*)

T. There's some one lying there upon the lounge.  
(*They knock loudly.*)

L. That must be him.

T. He remains there still.  
Have you a chair at hand?

(*Looks through the transom.*)

There's something strange  
About his looks; he might be dead.

L. Here, I've  
A key. (*They enter.*)

T. Yes sir; dead enough, dead enough. He'll tell  
No tales. That puts the brakes on us.

SLIM SAM. (*Stepping up behind.*) Why, is  
The detective dead?

T. Why do you call him  
The detective?

S. S. Why—well, it is a name  
We had for him; that's all.

T. Names, sometimes, are  
Geographies of men, and indicate  
Their latitude and longitude, and tell  
The climate, soil, productions. Sometimes they  
Are histories in themselves, which, rightly read,  
Would tell us things we have most need to know.  
Why man! what makes you look so bad—as though  
You'd lived a month on cucumbers and krout.

S. S. I'm not a-feeling well. I reckon it's  
Through finding of him dead has done it.

T. Ah!  
You seem to take great interest in his case.

A longshoreman ain't you?

S. S.

Well, yes.

T. I guess the shakes are coming on you. Hold Your bones together lest they scatter and We have to pick you up in pieces. Say, Did you ever see this Swab about the Levees? What! bad as that? Well, the landlord's Sent to get the coroner, and he can look On two of you at once. You take the thing To heart uncommonly. I guess you know So much it makes your stomach trouble you. What! worse and worse? Well now, see here—I

was

But chaffing you. But serious now. What *do* You know about this Swab?

S. S.

A sight too much,

I swear. But I must go.

T.

Don't hurry. Did

You see him any time the day that Boyle Was killed?

S. S. I have to go.

T.

See here now. Tell

Me what you know about the Boyle affair And I will make it worth your while. Come now. There's cash behind this thing and it is bound To come.

S. S. You can't prove anything by me. (*Exit.*)

T. There seems to be the scent of something there. (*Aside.*)

SCENE—*On the Street and in the Hall.*

LEW LURK. What think you of this Norton?

BLACK JOE. He is smart—

Sharp as red pepper. Seems to know the lie  
of things and what we need.

Yes, smart enough.

L. And all the worse for that if we don't get  
The good of it.

B. J. He starts off like a brick.

L. Of course; I don't say but he does. And who  
Would not, as strumpets rouge their faces, have  
His frontispiece look fair, to gain his ends,  
When there is rottenness and death behind?

B. J. His ends? Why, what do you suspect  
him of?

L. Oh! That's too much to say. I don't suspect  
Him in the least. My finger could not touch  
An overt act of wrong. I could not give  
A name to anything that seems amiss  
More than I can tell you what a bad smell  
Looks like. The things that smell are those that men  
Conceal. The graveyard motives buried in  
The breast, which have the scent of death—we see  
Not these; and oft we only know the place  
Of their interment by the flowers above  
Them. Yet, in Norton's case, I but suggest  
The possible. *If* he should be a black  
Sheep, all the worse for being smart.

B. J. And all  
The better if he aint.

L. Yes, *if*.

B. J. Well, now,  
What's up that you are smelling after him  
This way? I'd like to know and watch the cub  
If anything is wrong.

L. Nothing, I say,  
That's nameable; but—well, you know it pays  
To keep an eye on the barometer;  
Especially when fellows with their pile  
Have taffy talk for working men like us.

B. J. The sweetest taffy in a case like this  
Is unadulterated truth; and he  
Let out a heap of it.

L. Exactly so.  
Does it not take a coating of the truth  
To fit an error for the palate? Who  
Would take a pill if he must suck it down?  
Recall the way he hemmed and hawed about  
Obeying law; about forbearance towards  
The rich, and such like stuff. Of course, he said  
The laws are wrong, the rich are knaves, and all  
The rest. Then why not put the rich astride  
The law and blow them both to smithereens?  
That looked too tarnal like a snake's tail to  
Be laughed about. The other end may not  
Afford the safest sport. (*Bob Snag coming up.*)

BOB SNAG. Going to the  
Hall, eh?

L. Yes, Joe and I are on the way.



B. S. Well Lew, I've made a quid of what you  
said

To me the other night and think you're less  
Than fifty yards of right. But I'd not thought  
Of it enough to ask a countersign.

L. Now, Bob, you watch his words—especially  
The ones that hitch in coming out, for which  
The half inclines to make apology.

Dig down into their undermeaning and  
You'll find a rat. Now make a note of this:  
He wont ask fellows such as you and I  
To hold an office ; not a bit of it.

B. S. I have no hankering after one.

L. No more  
Have I. But there's a principle at stake  
In this—a vital principle, and one  
We need to guard. We are a Brotherhood  
Of working men, while he has capital  
And cannot be in sympathy with us.  
I know that I could fill the office that  
He holds, and better represent our class.  
Not, as I said, that I am wanting it.  
I only say that he is not the man ;  
And men like you and I will have no show,  
Except to pay the fiddler while he plays.  
Just think of organizing to protect  
The working man, and making Capital  
Our president!

B. S. I hadn't thought of that.

L. The outside of a thing is all that most

Men see. But schemers keep a lock and key  
 Upon their real selves; and only through  
 The keyhole of their cunning speech can we  
 Look in and s  e them as they are. But here's  
 The hall. I guess we'll have a crowd to-night.

*(They enter. After preliminaries Norton addresses the Brotherhood.)*

NORTON. My brothers! I invite attention to  
 My former theme. Lend me your judgment and  
 Your confidence. Let prejudice be still  
 And reason rule. So shall we find the truth.  
 Already I have partly pointed out  
 The inequalities in power possessed  
 By rich and poor, which leave the latter an  
 Unequal chance to rise. I hold, that He  
 Who made us wisely gave diversity  
 Of genius, that its aggregate might meet  
 The wants of all and all their wants. In one,  
 We see Imagination wave her wand,  
 When myriad phantasies have concrete form.  
 Another notes the germed utilities  
 In nature's seed and bids the lobes expand.  
 Another puts his hand upon a crank  
 And guides the forces others first evoked.  
 And still another has the thew  y force,  
 That executes the plans his fellow thought.  
 Thus each has aptitudes that, unrestrained,  
 Will gravitate to their appropriate sphere.  
 The heresy of our economy  
 Has classified this genius as the high

And low, and says, that equal faithfulness  
 Must have unequal pay. If classify  
 We must, count first the first in ministry  
 To human wants—such ministry as will  
 Be needed while the race endures. But break  
 The cordon-codes whose selfishness engirds  
 The few and leaves the rest to poverty.  
 Crown genius in the genius of the age,  
 Whose reach is toward equality.  
 Allowing for preparatory toil  
 And other cost, gauge pay by quantity  
 And quality of work, not kind. It slaps  
 Our Reason in the face to say, that what  
 Is healthy leisure merits more reward  
 Than what benumbs the body with its wear.  
 Thus far I have your heads and hearts. Now come,  
 And I will trace this principle as it  
 Concerns ourselves upon another side.  
 The welfare of society demands  
 That all shall have an ample chance to rise.  
 And this is man's inalienable right.  
 No calling needful to our wants can we  
 Afford to relegate to poverty,  
 To grangrene on the body corporate.  
 Much less must we degrade whom most we need.  
 Your judgment will assent as 'twixt yourselves  
 And those above you. Now apply the square  
 The other way. And first, I want to ask,  
 How many want to farm?

*Several voices.*

Why none.

N.

And why?

*A voice.* Big work and little pay.

N.

You hit the mark.

Now make a note. The farmers constitute  
 Two-thirds the toiling class; and hence two-thirds  
 The toilers have big work and little pay—  
 Such work and pay that you would shrink from it.  
 Yet what more honorable work than theirs.  
 Since necessary as the air we breathe?  
 The palmiest days of old saw statesmen at  
 The plow; and it would honor them no less  
 To-day, in spite of dudish dignity,  
 Which dreads the touch of common dirt. Then let  
 Us not imprint on it a brand of shame.  
 The pampered brand all toil, and we protest.  
 Shall we brand part, and not that part protest?  
 What! scrimp two-thirds, whose toil is hard as ours,  
 Then snub them on the ground that they are scrimped?  
 We could not burn a deeper brand into  
 The brow of toil. Better we hang ourselves  
 Than sink 'neath such a load of infamy!—  
 Now when I speak of equal rights I want  
 My words to have the largest latitude;—  
 Not only equal rights for You and I  
 With those above, but those below with you  
 And I. Not only have the rich no right  
 To an unequal share of what belongs  
 To all, ourselves have no more right. Yet here  
 Two-thirds the toilers are so poorly paid  
 That we would call it a calamity

To share their lot. Thus do we own their lot,  
 Compared with ours, to be calamitous.  
 The voice of justice is against us here,  
 This equal work deserves an equal pay.  
 Then here's the sore where first to smear our salve  
 And do the justice that ourselves demand.  
 Here is the beck of opportunity  
 To give political economy  
 A trend towards justice, and to prove ourselves  
 Magnanimous. So may we arm our claims  
 On others with effectual power. And here  
 The difference shews between the giving and  
 The taking of a dose. But let us face  
 The remedy we recommend. Now ask  
 The possible. The farmer sells upon  
 The basis of a foreign price, and thus  
 Competes with foreign underpay, our arm  
 Too short to help on foreign soil. Help must  
 Be here at home, if help there be. Drive home  
 And clinch that fact. Note next,—he buys two-thirds  
 Of what we make, hence pays two-thirds of what  
 We get. As we environ those who sell  
 Against competitive assault we give  
 Extortion opportunity to squeeze—  
 An opportunity 'tis neither dull  
 To see nor slow to seize. Two-thirds of this  
 He bears, and we ourselves the rest. A part  
 Of this we take in what we get o'er what  
 We give for equal toil. Then as for us—  
 If justice guide our course—we must ourselves

Demand less pay or give him more ; like him,  
 Compete with all the world, or he, with us,  
 Be walled against the world. Aught less than this  
 Is inequality, and so unjust.  
 How then shall we begin to equalize ?  
 By raising at the bottom as we may  
 And lowering at the top. But little 'tis  
 That we can raise. Then climb the apex and  
 Begin to dock. And here 'tis pertinent  
 To catechise. Has this class special needs  
 That claim three dollars to the other one,  
 To house, feed, clothe, and educate itself ?  
 If not, why treble pay for equal work ?  
 Or double pay for what exhausts no more ?  
 Or greater pay for less amount of toil ?  
 Society has common needs, which ask  
 That they who wallow in the mire shall be  
 Upraised, to help where now they hinder all.  
 These needs are overlooked while we maintain  
 Mechanic aristocracy, and in  
 The trades have titular disparity,  
 From tailor knights to shears-armed baronets,  
 From brakeman earls to ducal engineers ;  
 Whose pay is as their rank, while others do  
 The equal work and get the lesser wage  
 Of serfs. The favored ones are castled in  
 Their privileges, walled and moated round  
 With prohibitions, while themselves would guard  
 The bridge to keep intruders out. Is this  
 Equality ? Is this fair play ? With such

Anomolies how can we better things? (*Murmurs.*)

Yes yes. I know 'tis easier cutting out

Our neighbor's cancer than our own. But right

Is right whoever has to wince. It is

The truth that gives the knife its edge. 'Tis clear

The welfare of the great two-thirds deserves—

As it demands—our thought; and for its sake

And ours it must not be denied. Then view

This subject on the broadest plain. If we

Demur to dock the highest wage, what say

We that the lowest foots two-thirds the bill?

Can that be right? By no arithmetic

Can it be figured as equality.

At times we think our highest duty is

To strike for greater pay and fewer hours—

Which is equivalent to greater pay—

And thus draw further on their pocketbook.

If that be right, then I am blind to right.

The operations of the laws of trade

Admonish us. We need hydraulic force

To keep it up; because our level is

Above surrounding surfaces. We thus

Exhaust ourselves—and shall, till nature has

Its way; for wrong will prove re-active and

Retaliate in pay or penalty.

We have refused the pay, and get some small

Installments of the penalty; nor will

She fail to take the final cent. How this

Has been, and how it will be if we still

Persist, there needs no second-sight to see.



Discriminations favoring lordish trades  
 Attract the injured to the barbecue,  
 Of whom so many have already come  
 That they have left us little but the bones.  
 Nor will this cease until the wrong shall cease.

(*Murmurs.*)

Murmer we may; yet, know ye all, it is  
 Not me is murmured at, but fate. Persist  
 We may, but it will end as if one should  
 Present his nose to split a thunderbolt.  
 Our immigrants send down the murcury  
 In our thermometer and indicate  
 That we shall find it cold enough, ere long,  
 To freeze us into proverty, and drive,  
 Perhaps, to anarchy, which is mad death.  
 This or a levelling in wage is our  
 Alternative. Thus much as 'twixt ourselves.  
 Next bring the screw on our extortioners—  
 To whose magnetic fingers sticks so large  
 A part of what they touch—by opening wide  
 Our gates of commerce to the world. Shut up  
 Within ourselves we live upon ourselves  
 And find the diet weak. And futhermore. Prevent  
 The man whose pocketbook proclaims that he  
 Has now beyond his dues, depleting us  
 Still further, by manipulation of  
 The product of a thousand hands, to build  
 Himself a yellow monument and leave  
 To us the curse of his impoverishing.  
 In short, give equal opportunity



To all, in any calling, to ascend,  
 By industry. and that alone, the steps  
 That lead to competence. Again I say ;  
*Equality in opportunity,*  
*And opportunity within the bounds*  
*Of right.*

ED. PRATT, SECRETARY. Now, through the kindness of your friend,  
 The President, our members who were in  
 The recent strikes may come to me and draw  
 Ten dollars each. For though he disapproves  
 Of strikes, the strikers have his sympathy.

SCENE.—*On the Street.*

LEW LURK. What think you now of Mr. President?  
 Our noble President?

BOB SNAG. There is enough  
 Of sense to color what he says and make  
 It look all fair. And yet—

LURK. Yes, I should say  
 And yet; and fifty yet's before I gave  
 Consent to wittle wages down as he  
 Proposed. The boys won't swallow that. Once let  
 Him get that eel's tail through his hole and soon  
 The head will follow; bet your last red cent  
 On that. I tell you, he has too much craft  
 For us to trust his speech. It pays to watch  
 The man who smiles so unctiously, and while  
 He slobbers over us so feelingly,  
 Is only feeling for our pocketbook.

BLACK JOE. He shelled the dollars out, which  
hardly looks  
Like craft or selfishness.

L.                                No fool could play  
So smart a game ; nor would a honest man.  
Nature is nature, and she shews herself  
The same at all times. Now, no man invests  
Without expecting an increased return.  
Hence, when you find one over-liberal, 'tis  
But Arab hospitality which gives  
To gain. His prodigality plays blab  
On him. Free bait to-day ; to-morrow, hook  
And line. Who knows where all this money comes  
From ? Grant that he is not without his pile,  
He would not use his own in such a way.  
I wouldn't want to swear that he is not  
The lickspit of the tyrants who would grind  
Our noses off and kick us then because  
We had no nose.

B. J.                    Do you suppose he is?  
 Could I think so, I'd want to bring him up  
 As sudden as the snapper of a whip  
 And make him crack a warning to the rest.

L. Do you suppose that half of him could be  
So smart and what remains a fool? Trust him  
For knowing what a dollar's made for. He  
Imagines we are fools. Perhaps we are;  
But count me out sir, if you please. You can't  
Blind Lew by throwing dollars round like dirt.  
I've seen such tricks before to-day.

B. S.

You see

Beyond your nose; and that is more than most  
Of us can say. We've been such tarnal fools  
They just know how to work us.

L.

You are right

They do. And they can always find some tool  
That has a swivel-tongue, to talk all ways •  
And use soft sawder, and to rosin us  
With X's that will make it stick. And then  
How good we are! So good that he could gulp us  
down,

Like oysters off the shell, and smack his lips.  
But I for one don't relish being gulped,  
Nor—gulled. How tenderly he touched on strikes,  
Stepping with soft palaver round the theme,  
As when a cat is creeping towards a bird!  
But no palaver when he touched our pay.  
Then he could rake us fore and aft and clear  
The deck. And why? He let his heart loose then;  
That's why. Now what's the English of it all?  
Just this: don't blame the bosses, but yourselves,  
For poverty. Its a confounded lie—  
An everlastingly confounded lie!

B. S. By thunder! but you've knocked the  
faucet out

Of him. We'll have to fix his pie.

L.

I knew

You'd come out right when once you saw the point.  
Of course, you judged him by yourselves and gave  
Him credit for a good intent. But that

Don't do in such a crooked world as this.  
 I tell you, there are lots of men would grind  
 Their fellows into sausage-meat and sell  
 Them by the pound; and so, when that's the game,  
 I try to find a trump. What say you to  
 A meeting in my shop to-morrow night,  
 To talk of things and lay our plans?

B. S. A good  
 Idea that; I'm in with all my heart and soul.

B. J. My shadow won't be far off when you  
 meet;  
 For my name aint Joe Shirk.

L. That's true of both  
 Of you. Well, good-night boys. (*Exit Lurk.*)

B. J. Its lucky the  
 Detective died the time he did. That let's  
 Us out.

B. S. As slick as if we'd greased the thing.  
 I guess we'll have to bake this fellow's beans;  
 But in a dish that won't be apt to leak.  
 Lurk, may-be, has a plan.

B. J. Suppose we get  
 Big Bill again to take a hand.

B. S. All right;  
 Bill's always sweet on such a job as this. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE—*In Lurk's Workshop.*

LURK. Good deeds need no apology; and none  
 Are better than to put a nightcap on  
 A traitor that will put him fast asleep.

And where is traitor viler than the wretch  
 Who comes with crafty speech to counterfeit  
 A friendship that is but a mask for deeds  
 That stab our interests in a vital spot ?  
 This craft needs answering with a quietus.  
 Such men are dangerous in proportion to  
 Their skill in hiding their designs. And such  
 Is his, that even you were fooled by him  
 Until I pricked the bladder, letting out  
 The wind of his pretence. You know as well  
 As I do that it isn't every fool  
 Can take you by the nose and bridle you.  
 But he did. Then consider what success  
 He must be having with the rest, who sat  
 With open mouth and took, like public sewers,  
 Whate'er he gave. My blood half freezes at  
 The thought, and all my feelings rouse to strike  
 In my defence and yours; for every man  
 Who earns his daily bread has here his life  
 At stake. His very life, I say; for he  
 Who takes our bread takes life; and he deserves  
 To forfeit what he aims to take.

BIG BILL.

That's so.

L. Well, are you ready for a quiet job  
 That takes a grain of grit?

BOB SNAG.

A dozen grains  
 Are waiting for the word. Grit is the stuff  
 That makes the bones of men like us. We are  
 No chicken-livered cubs when treason shakes  
 Its red rag in our face. You beat the brush

And we'll bring down the game.

BLACK JOE.                      Yes, you've thought out  
The thing. Set up your tenpins and we'll knock  
'Em down. There's satisfaction in a game  
Like this—to slap the gay mosquito while  
He sings.

B. B. That's so.

L. Three things are needed. First,  
Know where to find him at a certain time;  
Next, how to fix him that the job will stay;  
Then take our places and perform our parts.

B. S. You see the points. Now tell the moves  
to make  
And see who checkmates then.

L.                                      When next we meet  
Will be the time to strike; and he must be  
Alone. When meeting closes, you get out  
And double-quick it to the alley near  
To Milligan's saloon and pick your spot.  
I'll manage to secure his company,  
And then accompany him within a block  
Of where you are and leave him to proceed  
Alone. You know him by his ulster and  
His hurried gait. Now see how this will work:  
When something happens him I won't be there.  
And you, since members of the order, will  
Be innocent as pumpkin pie and play  
The crocodile. Besides, the boys will all  
Have seen you at the meeting, making you  
Secure 'gainst spectacled suspicion as

A dead dog is against the whooping cough.  
Well that's the plan; so when he comes along,  
Of course you'll make the most you can of luck.

B. S. You turn him loose and leave the rest to us,  
We'll cure his corns that they will twinge no more.  
Then let him try his scurvy tricks on us. (*The latch  
lifts.*)

L. Sh—! I wonder who that is. Come in.  
(*Enter Slim Sam.*)

SLIM SAM. Hello! a little squad. I thought from  
what

Your wife said you might be alone at work.

L. I was until the boys came dropping in  
Like you. I have a little job to do  
On time. What's the good word?

S. S. The best I know  
Is what we got last night.

L. So that you think  
Was good?

S. S. I thought it sounded more like sense  
Than anything I've heard this many a day.  
A cabbage heart grow tender—like fall rains.  
Yes, Norton's good as ice in summer—good  
To cool one's soul. Most Xtra Xcellent!  
I guess we'll have him canonized Saint X.

SCENE—*In Norton's private room.*

GILLESPIE. I fear those murmers were the mut-  
terings of  
A storm.

NORTON. Then let it come, if come it must,

And clear the atmosphere.

G.                        They see us through  
A mist and fear to follow where we lead,  
As though our steps were o'er a quivering bog.

N. This is the crisis in the battle when  
To falter were to fail. Better at such  
A time the followers than the leaders fear.  
Courage is always mightiest at the front.  
We look for stragglers in the rear.

G. . . . . I fear  
That most are much too far behind to feel  
The forward impetus.

N. By so much are  
We more than hangers-on. Progress demands  
High courage, both in leader and the led.  
He penetrates the denser mists with his  
Prophetic eye, and through their swathing folds  
Perceives the landscape's mantled ghost, with here  
A meadow, there a mountain, in a dim  
Immensity ; and so he travels on.  
It is not his to ask how many form  
The rear, nor to turn round to see how long  
His shadow is. Nor is it theirs to ask  
How far he has before ; but, dare they trust  
The casting of his eye ; and if they dare,  
Then forward ! march.

G.                               An ideal argument.  
But neither see they, trust, nor seem inclined  
To march. They underestimate your worth  
And work. And so their ears are down to balk



10



—

Are called to deal with wills—or wonts. Admit,  
 The less they will to learn the more they need.  
 Still, who shall put the bridle on their will ?  
 Let me suggest, that by a shaking up  
 Of oats, whose noise declares their scantiness,  
 We toll them after us. The noise would draw  
 From further than a bin of oats. In this  
 Way compromise between our conscience and  
 Necessity.

N. The compromises that  
 Are hostages of cowardice are not  
 Begotten of our noblest hours. Yet would I shun  
 Antipodal extremes and sacrifice  
 Whate'er might merely minister to pride ;  
 • Whate'er would seem to have a tang of self ;  
 Yea, and whate'er is but the drapery of  
 The truth. But let the virgin Truth be nude  
 I shall not shrink to shield her purity,  
 Nor to proclaim her virtues to the world.

G. Gallant ! But they see not her nudity.  
 They see her cast-off clothes and think her there.

N. I cannot stop to doff my hat each time  
 A cricket chirps, nor to explain myself  
 To every beggar when I sneeze. The poor  
 Old world is sick—by far too sick for us  
 To shilly-shally with her case, which needs  
 Heroic treatment ; and the doctor, not  
 The patient, must prescribe. (And here I need  
 No prudish modesty). I think I see  
 A remedy, and I prescribe, knowing

That she will gag before she gulps the dose.  
 But her extremity will open yet  
 Her mouth and let it go. I may not see  
 It done ; and she may e'en forget who left  
 The remedy. Such is the frostwork used  
 In building up a monument of fame.  
 Bright as 'twere solid sunlight, it dissolves.  
 And that which glitters most may be the first  
 To disappear. So cheap, one line has crowned  
 A Payne with bays ; so dear, a Sophocles  
 Is half forgot. To me it matters not.  
 I fill my place in life's great drama and  
 Perform the part that Providence assigns.  
 I want my record writ in human lives ;  
 So shall it live when marble turns to dust.

G. My sole concern is, how to write it there.  
 I lack your bold audacity of faith,  
 Which in the darkness firmly plants its foot,  
 Expecting solid rock.

N. We can afford  
 To dare while backed by the Omnipotent.  
 Look through His eyes, rely upon His arm  
 And go ahead.

G. Easy, no doubt, it is  
 To one who has the faculty of faith ;  
 But my more prying nature wants to see.

N. Then shut your eyes and you shall see the  
 more,  
 By shutting out the world.

G. Would we might live

To shake hands with the coming time, which Faith  
Upon your watch tower sees approaching o'er  
The plain.

N. I doubt not thousands in the past  
Have longed to see the day we see; and in  
Our wished for day men still will wish to reach  
An ideal that is ever on the move.  
So will our human finity go on  
To find the suburbs of infinity,  
And spend, perhaps, eternity in quest.  
This is the spur to life's activities.  
In this, humanity is e'er a boy,  
Strutting and stretching to become a man.  
Be this our satisfaction, that we are  
As cogs in the great wheel that grinds events,  
And let us lubricate our energies.  
When next we meet I mean to close  
The statement of my views; and after that  
We must proceed to spread ourselves abroad  
And sow the country with our principles.

SCENE—*In the Public Hall.*

NORTON. Brothers, I now shall finish my remarks  
Upon the subject of the former nights.  
But first, I wish to touch some pustules that  
Have been unseen, and which, when touched, may  
make  
Us wince. Now see the inutility  
Of strikes. They make you fight unarmed 'gainst  
those  
In mail. Nay, men of millions quaff their wine

And make a strike a means of fleecing you  
 Still more, while smiling at the impotence  
 Whose fists are smiting adamant. But would  
 You probe this pustule to its core? Ask why  
 These constant feuds. Is not the gauntlet thrown  
 By those who have the highest wage, and so  
 The least occasion to complain? You must  
 Confess that this is so. Then why the strikes?  
 Because the bloated wage attracts the crowd  
 Till they are threatened by competetors,  
 'Gainst whom they raise their "union" barricades;  
 But which employers try to batter down,  
 While hungry thousands try to scramble o'er.  
 The level water needs no dam to keep  
 A fraction of its surface in its place.  
 No more the toilers where a level of  
 Equality prevails. There are no strikes  
 Amongst the great two-thirds that wants the men  
 Whose toes have scraped your heels. Now crack  
     that nut  
 And find a kernel there.—While I declare  
 That I would rather be a flea upon  
 A dead dog than to live the life of some  
 Rich men, I cannot shut my eyes to facts.  
 I see that tyrants are not always rich.  
 I see the desperate and despotic means  
 Employed by wage-monopolists, to push  
 Up wages with discriminating force.  
 I see that those who get the ducal pay  
 Have ducal longings that destroy content—

An itching after more than what they need ;  
 An envious wish to waste as others waste ;  
 And hence, as lilliputian millionaires,  
 They shew the scurvy of improvidence. (*Murmurs*).  
 Nay, do not murmur at the truth. If it  
 Has hurt you, take the hint and step aside.  
 A thunderbolt hurts only those who cross  
 Its path. I fear that most are squandering what  
 Might shelter from life's autumn rains ; else why  
 So many liquor-dens, where capital  
 Is fattening on the poor ? Thousands of these—  
 The bloated tyrants, whom the poor support  
 In their luxurious laziness—give back  
 A curse for all it takes to round their paunch.  
 And yet they strut on half the corners of  
 The streets. What better were you off should all  
 Have double wage and all *you* got but fill  
*Them* up with lard ? No no. Not what we get  
 Enriches us, but what we do not waste.  
 But could we all be rich we all would still  
 Be poor ; as elephants were small as mice  
 Were mice the size of elephants. E'en now  
 You are not poor, save as your eyes turn up.  
 Look down and all are rich.—I now proceed  
 To sweep the wide horizon of the world,  
 In all the scope of mutual human rights.  
 And here I scout the mouldy arguments  
 Whose logic leans upon the obsolete  
 And keeps its dead eye fixed upon the past.  
 A living present needs providing for—

Not with the milk that served our infancy,  
 But with the meat that manhood masticates.  
 Then let us clear our eyes of selfishness  
 And look our present problems in the face.  
 The man most worthy of the name of man  
 Is he whose aim o'ermantles most with its  
 Beneficence. Indeed, the sainthood of  
 Our nature is the sympathy with man  
 Whose ardent outreach clasps its fingers round  
 The final volume of his destiny.  
 The preface and the introduction of  
 The race are written. Now the body of  
 The book remains to fill. The way in which  
 We write our page will shape the argument.  
 The man whose life revolves within himself,  
 Sucking, like autumn eddies in the woods,  
 The world's dead leaves of lucre to his heart,  
 Is but a fly-speck on the present page.  
 And nations with this sordid animus  
 Are blots. To have a better horoscope,  
 We need to view the world with other eyes  
 Than did our fathers. We must not regard  
 It as a chessboard, and the nations pawns,  
 For castles, bishops, knights and queen to move  
 Upon, until some Greatgrab checks. Instead,  
 They are as parts of one great city, where  
 Is a community of interests; where  
 There ought to be no slums, to serve the rich  
 As waste-bins, into which to cram the poor,  
 As garbage from their overloaded store.

Oceans have shrunk until they are but squares,  
 And channels streets, and islands neighbors, which  
 Can call and answer from each other's door.  
 And each decade will find them nearer still.  
 Then view the rights of man as more than ours—  
 Their scope as girding all the world; and deem  
 The duties of the nations as of man  
 To man. Twixt one or billions right is right.  
 You know the rights belonging to your trade?  
 You know the rights belonging to the rest.  
 You know the rights belonging to all toil.  
 You know the nation's rights. You know the world's.  
 Be jealous then for others' rights as yours;  
 For the revolving ages unify  
 The interests of the whole. Give to the world  
 The rights of intercourse, as you yourselves  
 Would jostle in the markets of the world.  
 Fear not destructive competition. That  
 You have. "Protection" guards our capital  
 From competition with the world, and so  
 The competition is twixt capital .  
 And poverty at home; and capital  
 Is king and has you in its gripe. Fling wide  
 The nation's doors. Let capital compete  
 With capital and bring its profits to  
 The common mean. But here you wince  
 And tremble for your wage. But if you fear  
 Equality, then take not Justice' name  
 In vain. Or fear you to compete—your choice  
 Is prisoner to necessity. You must. You can



But choose the spot on which the lever  
 Shall be placed—in Europe or at home.  
 Shut in your trade and hibernate—the swarms  
 Of Europe, driven before the whip of their  
 Necessities, will come and share your loaf.  
 Think of the great two-thirds that now competes  
 With Europe's poorest paid, in spite of sharks  
 That are protected in monopoly  
 At home, then answer whether you could not  
 Compete with those who get the highest wage,  
 Were this protection taken from the sharks.  
 But note: A less per cent. of wage is in  
 Our wares than those of foreign make. By so  
 Much more the purchaser is fleeced by him  
 That sells. So capital increases still  
 Its bloat. Hence 'tis not wage but greed that gets  
 Protection from the foreign price. Thus 'tis,  
 Whichever way we turn, we feel our gun's  
 Recoil. Our greed is crushing us. The blood  
 Already oozes from our pores—and will,  
 Till Reason rules and Justice gets her dues.  
 But what is Reason, Justice what? The rights  
 Of man as man. With us, equality  
 In ultimates of wage, and values based  
 Upon per cent. of toil. With capital,  
 Close competition in the widest field.  
 With nations, recognition of the race  
 As one. The ideal of political  
 Economy is there, and a freed world  
 Shall wear that chaplet in the diamond age

To be ; which will be when we rise to the  
 High eminence from which our reason and  
 Our sympathies shall view the world, and see  
 Our interests welded in a chain whose links  
 Depend upon the whole. And when we trust  
 That chain to hold our destinies, we all  
 Shall recognize THE HUMAN BROTHERHOOD,  
 Which God ordained, but man has erst ignored.

(*The audience dispersing*).

LURK. I compliment you, Mr. President,  
 For opening out so vast a vista to  
 Our view, and thus alluring onward, with  
 The prospect of the better time. Our aims,  
 As you present them, are the grandest, and  
 Well worthy of the most exalted minds.  
 Only Columbuses would dare so vast  
 An ocean, whose far continent mankind  
 Have been too dull to dream of, as they still  
 Dream on unconscious of the wakeful world.  
 But, some day, they will rub their eyes to learn  
 That we have found a world.

N.

Exactly so.

The fundamental principles of right,  
 Twixt which and modern life an ocean lies,  
 Are yet, to most, an unknown continent.  
 Even ourselves scarce touch the mainland of  
 The rights of man as others will. Nor need  
 We till the islands are explored. But we  
 Are in the vicinage of vaster things.  
 As we demonstrate our discoveries we

Shall turn the jealousy of some to ire.  
 And then alternately be lionized  
 And dungeoned for our pains. Time's verdict will  
 Be made our epitaph. But what of that—  
 Whether the bubble Fame shall glitter in  
 Our eye and burst in death, or leave its mark  
 In marble on our grave? The age must move.

L. Shall I assist you with your overcoat?

N. First let us see the visage of the night.  
 Why, how dark! It rains a little, and it  
 Looks as though it might be raining ink and  
 Blotting out the earth. Here, I can spare my  
 Ulster, being provided for without it.  
 Thanks, I can get along without it.

N. But not  
 So well without as with. Put it on. There,  
 The storm will scarce discover where you are.

L. That's lucky now. I'll go along with you.

GILLESPIE. Seeing you have good company I guess  
 I'll take the street-car here, so say, good-night.

N. Good-night. We'll talk away the distance and  
 Arouse to find our toes before the fire. (*They start.*)

L. Very few people on the street.

N. No blame  
 For shirking close acquaintance with a night  
 Like this. 'Tis like a dun, whose face is not  
 So welcome as his back.

L. Persistent too,  
 Demanding vital energy, and will  
 Not be rebuffed.—How long do you suppose

Before our principles so far prevail  
That they will shape society ?

N. Truth, like  
The dawn, moves not with measurable steps  
That we can count by clock-ticks, but it steals  
Across the tree-tops of men's minds and sinks,  
Suffusively, until the vallies of  
The soul become transfigured in its sheen.  
Only as we compare the present with  
The past can we perceive the progress made.  
So will it be. But that our principles  
Will yet prevail is certain as that day  
Will follow night.

L. I'd like to linger o'er  
This theme, as lovers on a moonlight night  
Where they can hear their own hearts beat. But we  
Lack moonlight; so I guess we'll have to part  
As this is my way home.

N. That makes me think  
Of what I overlooked on coming up  
To meeting. I must call and see a man  
Who lives on ninth. I'm sorry I forgot  
It. But there is a compensation in  
All ills; and this postpones our parting for  
A block or two.

L. What a coincidence  
Of blundering! or shall I simply say,  
Forgetfulness? I have myself to keep  
Right on and see a fellow I engaged  
To meet at Strouth's hotel. And I shall have

To hurry too; so here we have to part. (*Exit Norton.*)

L. Confound it! What a balk after so good  
A start. But luck, like women, must be wooed.  
Well, I shall have to find the boys and let  
Them scatter to their homes. It hardly pays  
To fish a night like this without a bite.  
But what a pity, when the night seemed made  
For such a job! This lets him off for once.  
The second time may fail; but third makes up  
For all. Luck seems to like the number three.—  
The greasy hypocrite! He's but a wick.  
And all we touch is just the tallow that  
Has stuck to him in dipping. Oh!  
But how his precious tongue has been perfumed!  
H—hem! how nicely truth, philanthropy,  
And all the other pretty words that take  
With men as fashion-plates with women, drop  
From his sweet lips as from a honeycomb!  
But I must put some muscle in my step.  
Let's see—they must be somewhere near. (*Snag  
and Black Joe come up behind. Big Bill  
at their heels. Lurk turns.*)

Hello! (*He falls.*)

B. B. By golly boys! its Lurk as sure as you're  
Alive. It sounded like him when he holloed.

B. S. Lurk or no Lurk, it's too dark to look for  
Fleas. Leg it out of this. (*Snag and Black Joe  
run.*)

B. B. I'll satisfy myself. (*He stoops and feels*

*at the face.)*

Thunder and lightning! it is him I swan.

Lew—Lew. Speak, Lew if it's you. (*Policeman approaches. Bill runs. Is pursued and caught.*)

Say boss,

Where are you taking me?

POLICEMAN. Don't be too nice  
About your lodgings when you get them free.  
What have you done?

B. B. I don't know what we've done.

P. We! More than one was there?

B. B. Yes, Bob and Joe.

P. Bob and Joe who?

B. B. Golly! I don't know as  
I ought to tell. It wasn't me as did  
The job.

P. Of course not. No one ever has  
When caught. (*They pass the corpse.*)

A VOICE. Yes, dead enough; his head smashed in  
Behind.

P. So that's what *we* have done. Come on  
Before that crowd gets trooping after us. (*Exeunt.*)

## CHAPTER IV.

SCENE—*On a levee and at a police Station.*

SLIM SAM. What's up boys?

JIM BLAKE. They've nabbed Bob Snag and Black  
Joe for murder.

S. S. Murder! When?

J. B. • Soon as they came

To work.

S. S. By thunder! I must go and see  
About it.

J. B. See about it? What can you  
See, eh?

S. S. Get my place filled; that's all. (*Exit.*) It's no  
Use, I must sit down here. The curse of hell  
Be on the day that I had anything to do  
With it! It is, and on all days, and on  
Me too—the tarnel fool I was. I might  
Have known that blood will stick and curse and  
curse

And stick as brimstone burns and blisters. It  
Is burning in my bones. I feel it in  
My very marrow, drying it. My back  
Is weak; my legs are failing me; my flesh  
Is shrinking. Just look there. (*Pinching his hand.*)

There's just enough—  
 And only just—to hold my bones together.—  
 Nabbed—both of them ; and me as good as nabbed.  
 And then to think it didn't do a wink  
 To help us out, but seemed to help us in.  
 The Devil must have got me into this ;  
 For I had natural sense enough to know  
 That Devil's work brings Devil's pay. But done  
 It is, and pay-day's here ; and here I am,  
 A half-way murderer—the fool I was.  
 I wish that I could tear my carcass limb  
 From limb and throw it to the quarters of  
 The globe and put an end to such a fool.—  
 I wonder why that peeler looks so much  
 This way. He passes on. All right. And yet  
 I don't know ; it will have to come. Two nabbed.  
 That means me too. The sooner I prepare  
 For it the better. As we're in for it  
 Things can't be worse ; and life is sweet. I'll squeal  
 And save my neck, and that will lighten up  
 My lift without increasing theirs ; for they  
 Are booked. It makes my heart beat lighter  
 As I think of it. Then that's the thing to do.  
 'Twill come the nearest to undoing what  
 Is done. But I will have to get the start  
 Of them or they may tell some yarn and get  
 Me fixed. They're not a bit too good for that.

*( Goes to the police station. )*

I'm that other chap you want. *( To a policeman. )*

POLICEMAN.

What other ?



S. S. That helped to kill Ben Boyle.

P. Be careful what

You say. But come this way with me.

(*Before chief of Police.*)

CHIEF OF POLICE. What is your name?

S. S. Sam Drew; but they call me,

Slim Sam.

CH' OF P. And you inform against yourself  
That you were implicated in the crime  
Of murder?

S. S. I was there and gave a lift  
To it, but didn't do the killing; and  
If you'll let up a bit on one I'll tell  
You everything you want to know.

CH' OF P. What Boyle  
Was this you killed? and when did it occur?

S. S. Ben Boyle. We killed him when the long-  
shore strike  
Was on.

CH' OF P. That is enough. The officer  
Will have you placed in custody until  
The prosecutor shall arrive, take down  
Your deposition, and investigate  
The facts. Meanwhile, you are our prisoner.

SCENE—*In a cell.*

THEOPHRASTUS GRIPE, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Well sir, without the best of help your chance  
Of life is dear at one bad cent. I would  
Not take your chances for a world—that is,  
Without the very best of help. But I

Can see a way to bring you through and let  
 You snap a fillip in the face of Fate.  
 Now how much money can you raise ?

BOB SNAG. I have  
 A lot and shanty that I bought when lots  
 Were cheap ; and that is all I have.

T. G. That is  
 The lot your family is living on ?

B. S. Yes.

T. G. Well, give me a deed of that and I  
 Will get you clear.

B. S. Then that will scoop me out.

T. G. Sir, you are poised upon a needle's point,  
 And Death has got his finger on the strings  
 Of life to snap them with a jerk. This is  
 No time to halt and haggle o'er a bit  
 Of dirt, with which you buy your life. Decide—  
 Which is worth most to you, your lot or life ?  
 Which would your wife prefer, a paltry bit  
 Of earth or him she called her sweetheart years  
 Ago ? And which would pay your children best,  
 A father or a dirt-patch for a flock  
 Of geese ? You know the worth of life to you  
 And them. So here is your alternative—  
 A deed, or dangle from a rope and leave  
 Your family a murderer's legacy.

B. S. But can you clear me sure and certain ?

T. G. Yes,  
 As sure as if it were already done ;  
 For juries, now-a-days, are riddles, and

A shake that has enough of dollars at  
Its back would sift the devil through and all  
His imps—that is, when rightly done.

B. S. Agreed.

T. G. You say you helped to get away with  
Lurk—

But by mistake?

B. S. Yes, Norton had the spot.

T. G. You say that Lurk and you were friends?

B. S. Yes, chums.

And he's the very one that planned the thing;  
And how he came to trap himself is more  
Than I can tell.

T. G. And your accomplices  
Were Black Joe and Big Bill. Were these the  
friends

Of Lurk?

B. S. As good as brothers any day.

T. G. Now are you certain no one saw you when  
You did the deed?

B. S. As certain as I breathe.  
The night was wet, and dark enough to snuff  
Out fifty moons; and there was no one near—  
At least, when I and Black Joe left; and trust  
Big Bill for dawdling with the Devil at  
His heels.

T. G. How came they to suspicion you?

B. S. They must have seen us going to the hall  
Together.

T. G. If no more, you only have

To keep your mouth well corked and all will go  
As smoothly as if we were Providence.

T. G. Did Big Bill go away with you?

B. S. No, he

Stepped back, suspecting it was Lurk was struck.  
But Bill can care for number one.

T. G. If he

Was seen and recognized the clue is there,  
In which case we must make another plea.  
You say Lurk halloed?

B. S. He began to as  
We struck him. One blow silenced him as quick  
As if we'd chopped the sound square off; and down  
He fell, kerwollop, like a log of wood.

T. G. Is Big Bill still at large?

B. S. I guess he is.

Soon as he heard that we were nabbed he'd go  
By shank's express on everlasting time.

T. G. If he was recognized we'll have to watch  
Our cards and keep them covered up. Our plea  
Must be that you were going home, when Big  
Bill, in the rear, heard Lurk and started back,  
But, seeing others coming, ran away,  
To keep himself untainted by suspicion.  
I'll fix the story straight as tightened string,  
And all of you must stick to it  
As to a bob-tail chance of life.

B. S. No fear.

T. G. Well now, your deed. You have a copy, I  
Suppose, at home?

B. S.                                Yes, go and see my wife  
And she will find it for you.

T. G.                                That's all right.  
Now keep your hopes upon the topmost shelf,  
And you'll be there as soon as Time can wink.

SCENE—*In Bob Snag's Shanty.*

MRS. SNAG.    What must we do when we have lost  
                         our home ?

THEOPHRASTUS GRIPE.    What must you do when  
                         you're a widow and  
Your children fatherless ?

MRS. S.                                Heaven only knows.

T. G.    It need not be.    Your husband's life is at  
Your own command, to forfeit or to save.  
It cannot be you think so many feet  
Of dirt too great a sacrifice to save  
That husband's life.    Just think of all the years  
You yet may spend in wedded pleasure for  
A paltry lot.    Think how your children, in  
A heartless world like this, have need of such  
A father's care, and say if you would lose  
For them the precious boon, when you can hold it  
At so cheap a rate.    The fact is, such  
A lot as yours is scarcely worth the cost  
Of making out a deed.    But I would have  
You feel the honest consciousness—the pride  
Of having paid me something for my pains,  
Which are the fruitage of my sympathy.  
I do assure you madam, that my heart  
Is aching for you in this trying hour.

To prove myself a friend when friendship is  
 Most worth, well knowing that you need a man  
 To help you keep the hunger-wolf away.  
 Hence, why I give you such an easy chance  
 To save a husband's and a father's life.

MRS. S. Yes, sir. I feel that all our lives are  
 wrapt

In his. His grave would swallow all our hopes.  
 But then, you know, I couldn't help but think  
 A mother's thoughts and have a mother's fears.  
 And so it came to me this way: suppose  
 I thought, we lose our home, we lose our all;  
 And when all's gone, it's all, sir, sure enough;  
 And whether it was much or little aint  
 Worth breath enough to tell. It's plain, you know,  
 That nothing's nothing anyway.

T. G. I would  
 Not turn you out of house and home for lots  
 Like yours enough to make a continent;  
 Of that you may be sure.

Mrs. S. Forgive me, sir,  
 My question and accept my thanks for all  
 Your sympathy. I'm sure you're very kind.

T. G. I always pride myself on being fair  
 And square—as fair as fair can be and square  
 Enough to keep affairs in shape. Well now,  
 The deed.

Mrs. S. Yes sir; (*Searching in a trunk.*) It's  
 here...

T. G. Now come with me;

Then we will get the matter all arranged,  
 And soon your husband shall be home again,  
 And all be lovely as the summer days. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE.—*Big Bill in his cell.*

WARDEN. Some fellows are arrested, and they  
 say  
 That you had part with them in killing one,  
 Ben Boyle, about a month ago.

BIG BILL. What! have  
 They squealed?

W. Of course. That's how we come to know.

B. B. The tarnel cusses that they are! By Jo!  
 But won't I let 'em see that two can play  
 That game! It's Snag and Black Joe murdered  
 Lurk

And got me hitched with them: only they missed  
 Their neighbor's dog and killed their own. And now  
 To think they squeal and lie on me!

W. See here;  
 That game's played out. Should half the stories told  
 Be true, this place would be a dove-cote and  
 The birds we get all white as angels' wings.  
 It might be fitly called, The saint's abode.

B. B. But what I say is true—as true as I'm  
 A fool; and I am fool enough to make.  
 A dozen fools out of or I'd never  
 Have been in with them. Dog on it; but I  
 Do believe that Norton's just a bully  
 Boy. Why, he gave us strikers all an X  
 A piece; which aint what every one would do.

But Lurk, he got his back up like a cat.  
 When dogs are round, and nothing else would do  
 But Norton must be killed; and some way, Lurk.  
 He happened when we looked for Norton, and  
 He got the whack that laid him out. That's so,  
 As sure as I'm in limbo. And you know,  
 There ain't a chance of doubting that.

W. Not much.

B. B. I guess they didn't tell that they them-  
 selves  
 Killed Boyle. Slim Sam and me, we took a hand  
 in cornering him; but they topped off the job.  
 That's so. And now they come and squeal on me  
 And Sam to save their necks. There's Sam, he's had  
 His belly full of thunder ever since;  
 And so they wouldn't trust him on this job.  
 And if I'd had Sam's sense I'd not been here.  
 This is the pay I get for playing fool.

Well, somehow, fools get paid when pay-day comes.

SCENE—*Slim Sam in his cell.*

SLIM SAM. I swan, but you're the fellow was at  
 the  
 Detective's lodgings when they found him dead.

TRIP. I guess I am. I learn you had a hand  
 In killing Boyle.

S. S. No, not in killing him;  
 But I was there.

T. Did the detective, as  
 You called that hunchback, have a hand in that  
 Affair?



S. S. The leading hand. He acted as  
Decoy and got Boyle where we wanted him.

T. Do you know Joblinsky?

S. S. By sight; that's all.

T. Had he a hand in it?

S. S. He may have known  
Of it through the detective. If he did,  
That's all. What makes you ask me? Have they  
nabbed  
Him too?

T. No, not for that. But this time he  
Turns out to be a *she*.

S. S. You don't say that  
Joblinsky is a woman?

T. That's just it.  
Russia has a long account to settle  
With her if it could; but she is booked for  
Devilment enough to settle her right  
Here. Uncle Sam will foot her future bills.

S. S. Well, that beats me that he should be a  
woman.

• SCENE—*Bob Snag in his cell.*

THEOPHRASTUS GRIPE. It's my ill luck to bring  
unlucky news;  
Not such as tolls the death-knell of your case,  
Yet such as bids our wits be wide awake.  
Big Bill's arrested; and he has uncorked  
Himself.

BOB SNAG. What, squealed?

T. G. Yes, spilled out everything.

B. S. That sends us all to Jericho.

T. G. No, not

At all. What kind of fellow is Big Bill?

B. S. A great, green, lubbering gawky; tough as  
A mule, with no more sense.

T. G. The greener now  
And less of sense the better for our case.

B. S. Well, he's as green as Biddy's bonnet that  
The old cow ate for cabbage.

T. G. Lucky that.  
What queer things have you noticed in him that  
Would indicate a feeble mind?

B. S. There's scarce  
Enough of feeble mind, or any other mind,  
To find with spectacles; but, gawky-like,  
When others entertain his ear with talk,  
He has an open, hungry-looking mouth,  
And when their story, like the pointer of  
A clock, has measured off its round, he gulps  
It always with a smack and says, "That's so."

T. G. Always.

B. S. Yes; if he hadn't got Big Bill  
For nickname we had christened him, That's so.

T. G. I've got my cue. This answer has become  
A habit; and the habit, working on  
So weak a mind, becomes a source of strange  
Hallucinations, so that when his nerves  
Become perturbed by some unusual shock,  
As 'twas in case of his arrest, it is  
By instinct he responds to any charge,

"That's so." Moreover, what he knows of men  
 And things is so associated with this  
 Habit of assent that he is but  
 The parrot of an automatic mind.  
 That argument, elaborated with  
 Rhetoric art, will scoop a jury-box  
 And put the jurors in your stocking, like  
 So many candy-sticks at christmas-tide,  
 Making me *Santa-claus*. So, after all,  
 You see, we've got our grip upon the horns  
 Of Luck. Now, inventory, ere I come  
 Again, the things you know him to have said  
 Or done that have a smack of crankiness,  
 And I will turn the crank to good account.

B. S. I guess you know the kinks.

T. G. Trust me for that.

That's 'cuteness sir; and 'cuteness prods the ribs  
 Of law and picks her pocket while she laughs.  
 Our province is to tangle witnesses  
 Until, when all is o'er, they are themselves  
 Amazed to con the evidence they gave,  
 And to make jurors give their ears the lie  
 And suck our sophistries like sugar plums—  
 The thing you need in such a scrape as this.  
 Well now, good day. I shall be back within  
 A week at most, and, in the meantime, try  
 To see Big Bill and make the most of him. (*Exit.*)

WARDEN. What sort of client have you got in there?  
 We've got a fellow here who charges him  
 With killing some one else—one Boyle.

T. G.                      What! Where?

W. Boyle, a longshoreman, when the strike was on.

T. G. Is that a fact?

W. It's fact that he has made  
An affidavit to it as a fact.

T. G. How does he know?

W. He says that he was there,  
*Particeps criminis*, but charges Snag  
And one Joe Black as principals.

T. G.   Then I  
Must make inquiries into this. (*Returns to the cell.*)

I guess

You'll think me body-servant to ill-luck.  
But here a warden tells me that they have  
A fellow charging you with killing one  
Named Boyle. What is there to it? Anything?

B. S. By thunder! too much for a fellow's good.  
Who is it that they've got?

T. G. He says that he  
Took part in it.

B. S. Slim Sam, I'll bet, for he's  
Been belly-aching over it a month  
And more, and wanted thirty hours a day  
To gripe it out. He's just a granny noodle.  
Well, that does the job sure. I may as well  
Give up.

T. G. Tut tut! Never give up until  
They swing you up. But don't be scared. Your life  
Is worth a good insurance yet. Tell me

The worst that I may know what I will have  
To meet.

B. S. Well, it was in the strike. Big Bill,  
Slim Sam, Black Joe and me, we did the job  
For him; and he deserved it too—the scab  
He was.

T. G. And did *you* do the killing?

B. S. Yes—

Me and Black Joe.

T. G. That complicates affairs.  
But let me see. There must be some way out.

(*Walks the floor.*)

Was either of your parents any time  
Insane, or given to freaks of oddity,  
That you can prove?

B. S. No, not that I'm aware.

T. G. Nor yet a grandparent on either side?

B. S. I never heard.

T. G. Nor uncle, aunt or cousin?

B. S. My mother had a cousin wasn't as  
She ought to be.

T. G. Ah! *she*—a mental weakness on  
The female side. Heredity will let  
Its secrets out by an unerring law;  
And all the worse when the parental life  
Is operating, through gestative mouths,  
In giving bias to its fetal ward.  
Now stretch your memory to the twanging point,  
And tell me what you have been told of her  
Receivug some unusual scare or shock,

While yet your life was hers and sensitive  
To all the fluctuations of her moods.

B. S. I well remember having heard her say,  
That four months ere my birth, a wolfish dog  
Attacked her, when a passer-by drove off  
The brute and left her trembling almost at  
The fainting point, from which effect she scarce  
Recovered for a week.

T. G. That hook will do  
To hang a jury on. You see, the shock to her  
Mentality at that precarious stage  
In your development, ere yet your traits  
Of mind unalterably were posited,  
Disturbed your mental equipoise and gave,  
Through an unfortunate heredity,  
A timid fear that has developed to  
A constitutional aggressiveness  
Against imaginary foes, and which,  
In its exaggerated caprices,  
Spares not your dearest friends, as, instance, Lurk.

B. S. What! would you make me out a lunatic?

T. G. An expedient stroke of policy, enough  
To fool a jury with. You can afford  
To be a little crazy for your life.  
Moreover, we can have revenge on him  
Who turned informer, and suggest that he  
Employed you as his tool to do the job  
For him and save his neck from feeling hemp.

B. S. I guess they'd have to cull a county for  
A dozen fools who could be fooled that way.

T. G. Of course, 'tis fools we get in such a place,  
 The mental hulks 'gainst whose dull brains the tides  
 Of knowledge wash and leave them anchored still  
 In ignorance. To get such is a fine  
 Art practiced in extremity. Pleas of  
 Insanity awake their sympathy  
 And agitate them like so many ewes  
 That hear their lambs bleat in the butcher's pen.  
 The greater fool the better juryman.

B. S. That seems to give me but a flimsy chance.

T. G. Flimsy or not it is a chance; and in  
 A case like this—with talent at one end  
 And but an average jury at the other—  
 One thread of gossamer mere strong enough  
 To pull you through a cambric-needle's eye.  
 Then keep good heart. When anyone comes here,  
 Look wild. Stare like a dead fish. Threaten him;  
 But don't say anything too sensible. (*Exit.*)

B. S. I'm in for it at last. It's no use. No  
 One's dunderhead enough to swallow what  
 He says. I don't myself half understand  
 The mixed-up stuff. Then how can such a set  
 Of fools as those he talks about? Or if  
 They be not fools, what use is all this bosh?  
 There's too much fact for anything so thin  
 To hide. I may as well play smash and blab  
 It all, then trust to luck to save my neck.  
 I've heard of men escaping who confess;  
 Then in a while a mandlin Governor comes  
 And pardons in a tender mood. Who knows



But there may be the shadow of a chance?

SCENE—*In Gripe and Sharp's office.*

THEOPHRASTUS GRIPE. In Snag's case we must  
have the jury hung  
Or he will hang. I wish you'd make it in  
Your way to see the sheriff and suggest  
Some names. There's Blunderbuss, who, like a hog,  
Will go according as they pull his tail;  
And Flip, who knows whatever others don't  
And proves them fools by doing as they don't;  
And Sloan, who needs a month to hem and haw  
And then conclude he can't make up his mind;  
And Kant, who has so soft a heart he would  
Not hurt the snake that killed his *neighbor's* child;  
And Prue, who sees a thousand ghosts of doubt  
And dare not act until the last is laid;  
And Veer, who tries to trim his sails to all  
And yields to him who has the gustiest lungs;  
And Schleiman, of the corner store, who found  
In Snag, no doubt, a steady customer;  
And Plod, whose fellow-feeling calculates  
That mercy comes from being merciful;  
And Reasor, who believes a man insane  
Whene'er he takes away his fellow's life;  
And Tellman—

NEWSBOY.

Morning Times.

T. G.

(*Reading.*)

By jupiter!

What's this? Bob Snag confessed. (*Reads aloud.*)

Last night Bob Snag  
Confessed to having helped to murder Lurk



And Boyle. We hope to have the details for  
Our evening issue." So ends the case of Snag.  
And what an everlasting fool! Well, let  
Him swing; 'twill help to keep the ropemaker  
In work. Born fools will die as they were born.

SCENE—*Mrs. Snag's door.*

SIMON GRUB. I give you notice to vacate the place  
Within a month.

MRS. SNAG. What do you mean?

S. G.

I mean

That you must leave before a month is gone,  
Or I shall have to help you out of here.

MRS. S. Now who are you to come and mock a worse  
Than widowed woman? Just as though I'd not  
Enough to bear; and sure you don't so much  
As own a grain of sand about the place.

S. G. Not quite so crank. Though not the  
owner quite,

I am the owner's fist; and that you'll feel  
When it has struck your jib, as strike it will  
If you are here when I come round again.

MRS. S. I don't believe a syllable of what  
You say, you tantalizing knave. Go home  
And pick the bedbugs off yourself, instead  
Of worrying one who has enough to bear.

S. G. I guess your eyes will open when I come  
Again.

MRS. S. A gentleman intends to get  
My husband off; and so we let him have  
The place; and he has promised me to let

Me stay. He was so kind, and talked with such  
 A heart, I know he wouldn't turn us out  
 Of here. He said he wouldn't for a world  
 Of lots like this; and he's a gentleman.

S. G. Well no, I guess he wont; for he has sold  
 It out to Ghoul and Company, and I  
 Am agent for the firm; and in their name  
 I give you notice that you have to leave.  
 Here is the notice written in due form  
 Of law.

MRS. S. My God! you don't say that.

S. G. That's just  
 Exactly what I say. And what is more,  
 I mean it with a vim. Read what you've got  
 And say if that don't look like business now.

MRS. S. Oh my! what shall we do? You  
 wouldn't turn

A woman out of house and home, with four  
 Small children clinging to her skirts, would you?

S. G. Our firm is not responsible for sex;  
 And as to brats, the market's beared with them.  
 And business bored; from which you may infer  
 We've no quotations on the article.

MRS. S. But is not pity still in human breasts?  
 Has poverty no speech that human ears  
 Can hear; misfortune no strong heart-key to  
 Unlock your sympathy; and tears no power  
 To melt the icebergs of your arctic soul?  
 Even a dog could understand our woes;  
 And, understanding, it would pity us.

S. G. In that we do not have dog's ways. We do  
Not deal in slobber but estate. Our firm  
Has paid a round five-hundred for this lot  
And wants to build on it; so you must move.

MRS. S. Five hundred! and he said it wasn't  
worth  
The cost of making out a deed.

S. G. Indeed!

MRS. S. But this is all of earth that we have had.  
Where are we to move to?

S. G. My gracious! do  
You think 'twas me that married you? Am I  
Your husband? Did you ever find me in  
Your bed? And must that squad of sticky brats  
Come trooping at my heels and call me *Pap*,  
That you would have me tell you where to go?  
Go where you will; but go, as I have said.

MRS. S. You are a hard, unfeeling man.

S. G. Add *cash*  
And then you've got me figured out—*hard cash*,  
With just so much of feeling as can feel  
That it is hard; but none to run to waste.

In that, you see, we use economy.  
We wouldn't have enough to cover all;  
And so we use our feelings sparingly.

MRS. S. God pity us when men are worse than  
brutes!

S. G. Well, see you're missing when the month  
is up. (*Exit.*)

SCENE—*In Snag's cell.*

NORTON. And so 'twas me you meant to kill instead

Of Lurk.

BOB SNAG. To tell the honest truth, it was.

N. The honest truth is all the truth there is ;  
For truth is always honest. Tell me now,  
In what had I offended you that you  
Should seek so fearful a revenge ?

B. S.

Nothing.

I was a fool that let another lead  
Me round to do what I had never thought  
Of for myself. 'Twas Lurk that put us up  
To it ; and now he has his pay, and ours  
Will come.

N. And what could Lurk have that should make  
His bosom a volcano, hot with hate  
And ready thus to belch forth fatal fire ?

B. S. Why, nothing in the world but jealousy ;  
And that, somehow, is like a devil in  
A man, that never lets him rest, but keeps  
A-raking up hell-fire in him ; hence he,  
While meaning evil, credits others with  
The same ; since what he knows himself to be  
He thinks they are. You know his restless eye.  
Which, like a compass-needle, danced within  
Its socket. Wickedly it twinkled as  
He talked to us of blood—so cool—without  
A muscle twitching in his face to hint  
A possible compunction. I have been,

Myself a tough case, I confess; but I  
 Could never hide the fact that what I did  
 Was ripping like a dull saw at my heart.  
 But somehow, Lurk—he seemed to have a spell  
 Of deviltry that charmed and chained us to  
 His will. I guess it's bloody luck to have  
 One's wickedness come back upon him with  
 A spring and slap him in the face.

N.

It is

A universal law that sin, like an  
 Infuriate rattlesnake, should bite itself  
 And die. But I am sorry you were led  
 Astray and brought to this.

B. S.

And so am I.

But this is tardy penitence for one  
 Whose hands are doubly dyed with blood. Thus much  
 However, I may say; I have no more  
 Against you than an unborn babe can have  
 Against its mother. You have been a friend  
 To all of us; and I would thank you for  
 It if it didn't seem to savor of  
 Hypocrisy. But that is how I feel.  
 As for myself, I guess I'll have to pay  
 For blood with blood. All else is gone—all—all.  
 I'm but a cipher on the slate of life,  
 Waiting the hangman's sponge to wipe me out.  
 Even my wife and children are not mine,  
 Except as is the memory of a dream—  
 Enough to make me think of them and groan.  
 I had a home; but that is gone to pay

A lawyer, who can do me now no good ;  
 And he has sold it. They have notice to  
 Vacate the premises within a month.  
 I felt that Fortune knocked me down before.  
 In that, she grinds me with her heel and seems  
 To threaten vengeance after death. Well, it's  
 Deserved. That thought lends poison to the sting  
 Of death. Were they provided for it would  
 Relieve my pillow of a thousand thorns.

N. He did a heartless thing.

B. S. My only right  
 Is misery; and the tithe I get will but  
 Be interest on the misery that my deeds  
 Have caused to others. So let troubles come.  
 They will but be as mountains heaped upon  
 A grave that holds a confined life. But I  
 Do wish the living might not have so large  
 A share of suffering through my fault.

N. Well now,  
 Be easy on that score. Your family  
 Shall be provided with a home. I'll see  
 To that myself.

B. S. Why now, you don't mean that.

N. Exactly that, to the last letter of  
 The final word.

B. S. It isn't nature to  
 Bestow a blessing when a curse is so  
 Well earned.

N. 'Tis the sublimest triumph of  
 Our wisdom when we light our actions at

The throne of God and let them burn with pure  
Divinity. Were He whose eye can pierce  
The soul's sea-depths inexorable in  
The meting us according to our ill  
Desert, mankind were sore distraught. It is  
In mercy that the world finds hopes; since that  
Wards off the sword of justice from our souls.  
Now, as I hope to share the greater boon  
I give the less.

B. S.            Why, you're a riddle, and  
The more I see the less I understand  
The mystery of the goodness in your heart,  
Which, by its contrast, makes my badness look  
The worse. Oh that I could but tell the boys  
How good you are ! For if they only knew,  
They all would rally round you to a man.

N. I shall be what I am whatever they  
May be. But should they fail to understand  
Me now ; the echo of my message will  
Be heard above my grave, and heeded then.

B. S. I hope it may before. Well, you are breath  
To me; for I can breathe more freely than  
Before. This world is but a shriveled pod,  
From which I soon shall drop—an unripe seed.  
Life's wintry blasts forestall my autumn tide.

N. Then seize the world before, and so escape  
A second loss, which, since eternal, were  
The greater by infinity.

B. S. I would  
If one might dare to hope who needs to fear.



N. It is not daring when the heart is right.

B. S. But mine is black as night with murderers blood,

Which calls for vengeance with an awful voice.

N. Yet not so loud but Mercy's ear can hear  
The voice of penitence though whispered low.

SCENE—*In court.*

THE JUDGE. Prisoners at the bar. It is my painful  
Duty to announce, that in your case the  
Jury has returned a verdict—guilty ;  
Which was the only verdict possible.  
Your guilt is clear and albeit self-confessed.  
Your double crime is most revolting to  
Our sensibilities—the highest in  
The category recognized by law ;  
Which justly makes your crime the pattern for  
Your penalty, by taking from you the  
Equivalent of what you took, so far  
As guilt, in suffering, offsets innocence.  
You well deserve more than a double death  
For double murder. Less than what your hands  
Have meted were a stint of justice, save  
As you have one life, and one alone, to  
Give. Were my feelings such as your offence  
Would gender, I might now exult to speak  
For justice and command your taking off ;  
Since you have outraged every attribute  
Of true humanity. Two souls, whose hands  
Were busy with life's vulgar drudgeries,  
Without a moment to prepare for that



Momentous change which comes at best with dread  
 And solemn visage to us all, were rushed  
 To their account. Prepared or unprepared  
 You neither asked nor cared. And that which gives  
 Your guilt its blackest hue is this: Your crimes  
 Were not committed when the tempests of  
 The soul were rolling passion's thunders o'er  
 The conscience; when the judgment shook with  
       shocks

Of sudden phrenzy, and the will was in  
 A tremor of suspense and hesitance,  
 Yet driven by blind impetuosity.  
 No, you deliberated on your deeds;  
 You looked at them; you measured, planned and  
       then

You executed, with relentlessness  
 So cool it proves that pity has no home  
 With you; which leaves but little room for an  
 Appeal to pity in your case. No odds  
 That in the case of Lurk your blow glanced from  
 Another head to his. We ask the deed and not  
 The victim of the deed. You murdered, as  
 You meant; but Norton in the *form*  
 Of Lurk. Still, I remember that there is  
 This double stain upon your souls, and that  
 You are but ill-prepared to meet the Judge  
 Who sees your crime with keener eye than mine.  
 Your own, however, is the guilt who did  
 The deeds, and yours must be the consequence.  
 I must maintain the majesty of law

And vindicate the rights of innocence.  
And now one only task remains to me,  
Which is, to pass upon you severally  
The sentence of the law. You Robert Snag  
And Joseph Black, must hang, each by his neck,  
Till dead ; and may the Lord have mercy on  
Your souls. In view of circumstances that  
Appear to mitigate their guilt, the court  
Will lay a lighter hand on Samuel Drew  
And William Jinks. Its sentence is, that they  
Shall be imprisoned for their natural life ;  
And may their hearts incline to better ways.

# A PSALM OF FAITH.

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## PART I.

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No threnodies have I to sing  
And, by their implication,  
Against the Sovereign Ruler bring  
A covert accusation.

While He has daily led me on  
His blessings have been plenty ;  
Yet oft, alas, I saw not one  
While yet receiving twenty.

And though the stars were overhead,  
And the round moon had risen,  
My timorous tears I freely shed  
Till they obscured my vision.

And oft, when pride has longed to scale  
Some lofty elevation,  
He kept me groping in the vale  
Of deep humiliation.

My lot had thus been otherwise,  
Had I been first consulted ;  
But what has been I learn to prize  
From that which has resulted.

That otherwise had been as wise  
 Is very far from certain.  
 Enough that His omniscient eyes,  
 Which look behind the curtain.

Behold the meshes of the past  
 And present as related  
 To that great future which shall last,  
 And to all things created.

In safety I may say thus much :  
 The network of creation  
 Is one great whole, whose parts, as such,  
 Can have no isolation.

And time is one, whose years as beads  
 Upon one string are threaded ;  
 And each toward some conclusion leads  
 That need not now be dreaded.

Had I first recognized His hand,  
 His unseen wisdom trusted,  
 Affairs had then, at His command,  
 Been differently adjusted.

For He fails not the best to give  
 In all our circumetances ;  
 But best at best is relative,  
 As measured by the chances.

Before I braved the mountain road  
 I needed strength and training ;  
 Yet blindest ignorance I shewed,  
 By constantly complaining.

At length, while yet I saw it not,  
 My pathway was ascending ;  
 And e'en the zig-zags in my lot  
 Were toward the summit tending.

Thus while, with introspective eye,  
 To self I thought to pander,  
 He led me towards a destiny  
 Where life is broader, grander.

As I have will to follow up,  
 And as I understand best,  
 I still approach the mountain top,  
 Where life is broadest, grandest.

And what for me He seeks to do,  
 And what has consummated,  
 He has as certainly in view  
 For man as aggregated.

The lesson He is teaching me  
 To other minds He teaches ;  
 The goodness that I daily see  
 To worthier millions reachês.

Those millions He is leading now,  
 As me He has been leading.  
 Some brave ones near the mountain's brow,  
 And others are proceeding.

A lifetime it requires for me  
 To learn what He is teaching ;  
 So must the world *its* lifetime be,  
 Toward its great ideal reaching.

But fear again our faith debars  
 From all that can avail us;  
 And so again we miss the stars  
 And make the full-moon fail us.

For down we look to what is low,  
 And see the lowest only,  
 And still more pessimistic grow,  
 Since goodness looks so lonely.

But Providence is not asleep,  
 Though man may be dyspeptic.  
 And let us wail or let us weep  
 His ways are antiseptic.

Admit that earth has too few smiles,  
 Too much of sin and sorrow,—  
 We must be many moral miles  
 From Sodom and Gomorrah.

And all the intervening space  
 Has had a slight ascension;  
 Though clock-like may have been our pace,  
 And dull our apprehension.

Or else, the change that skill has wrought  
 No real good possesses;  
 Or else, experience goes for nought,  
 Nor art nor knowledge blesses.

But own we must a growth of mind,  
 Improvement in condition;  
 Some evils have been left behind,  
 And some are in transition.

And, clock like, we are moving still.

With sure and forward motion,  
Impelled by the Eternal Will,  
Whate'er our human notion.

Admit a void, in which the mind  
Is tentatively groping—  
A chaos, where are millions, blind,  
Half doubting and half hoping.

A Power is brooding over all;  
And there is indication  
That what we blindly chaos call  
Is incomplete creation.

The denser vapors are dispersed,  
Till light with mist is blended;  
And yet will come the glory-burst  
Of orbs whose sheen is splendid.

There must be truth and certainty,  
As there are doubt and error.  
There must be love and harmony,  
As there are strife and terror.

Nay, all the good we have in life  
Demonstrates their existence;  
And in the very fact of strife  
Is proof of their persistence.

And partial good already gained  
By them in their vocation,  
Is earnest of the whole obtained  
When comes the consummation.

## PART II.

Whose eye can sweep the breadths of space  
 And see—what most deem cryptic—  
 Where moves the moral world, can trace  
 God's plans in their ecliptic.

Those plans are moving towards a goal,  
 Without a shade of swerving;  
 And human nature as a whole  
 Is some great purpose serving.

It is a solar orb within  
 The universe of being;  
 Though, at its best, the spots of sin  
 We cannot fail of seeing.

The goal defies our telescope,  
 The spots our explanation;  
 And yet His nature gives us hope,  
 His wisdom expectation.

And here, that hope to ratify,  
 That expectation strengthen,  
 The beams that on our pathway lie  
 Still broaden as they lengthen.

And since six thousand years of time  
 Begin to elevate us,  
 They are a pledge of things sublime  
 That certainly await us.



Six thousand multiplied by six,  
 In ages of progression,  
 Must bring some grand climacterics,  
 And give a great possession.

Already we the pressure feel  
 Of greater power impelling,—  
 A quickening impetus to zeal,  
 The world's great bosom swelling.

And when the pillories of the past—  
 The heirlooms of oppression,  
 In which we hold our brothers fast,  
 Impeding their progression ;—

When these shall all be laid aside,  
 And we who now oppress them  
 Put off the kid gloves of our pride,  
 To stimulate and bless them ;

When we are ready to obey  
 Great Nature's *magna charter*.  
 Nor longer make the weak our prey,  
 As chattles fit for barter ;—

The universal Father then  
 Will bless us in our blessing ;  
 And all will prosper more than when  
 One-half was half oppressing.

A mystery it has been that we  
 Have found it hard to ravel ;  
 Why every birth of good should be  
 With keenest pangs of travail.

Perchance the cost may make the boon  
 Appear a greater treasure,  
 And the result more opportune,  
 With its excess of pleasure.

But 'since 'tis thus that Nature gains  
 Her greatest acquisitions,  
 We need not shudder at the pains  
 Preceding new conditions.

It must be the Supreme presides  
 Above the moral forces.  
 And guides them as the stars He guides  
 Upon their silent courses.

And there is pent in moral force  
 Repulsion and attraction,  
 To help obedience on its course,  
 And smite sin with reaction.

Those forces we perceive in play,  
 As with a tidal motion,  
 In rolling on some little bay;  
 He views and moves the ocean.

Here, in the general tide of things,  
 The flood is onward flowing;  
 Nor see we all the ships it brings,  
 Nor know how far 'tis going.

But as we see the broken waves  
 Recede along the beaches,  
 Still others come, as from their graves,  
 With mightier upreaches.

And every crispy rolling crest  
That into gem-dust crumbles,  
Is pledge and proof of all the rest,  
As on the sands it tumbles.

Nor is it much for Him to wait,  
Whose eye sees all the ages,  
Whose finger wrote the book of fate,  
With centuries for its pages.

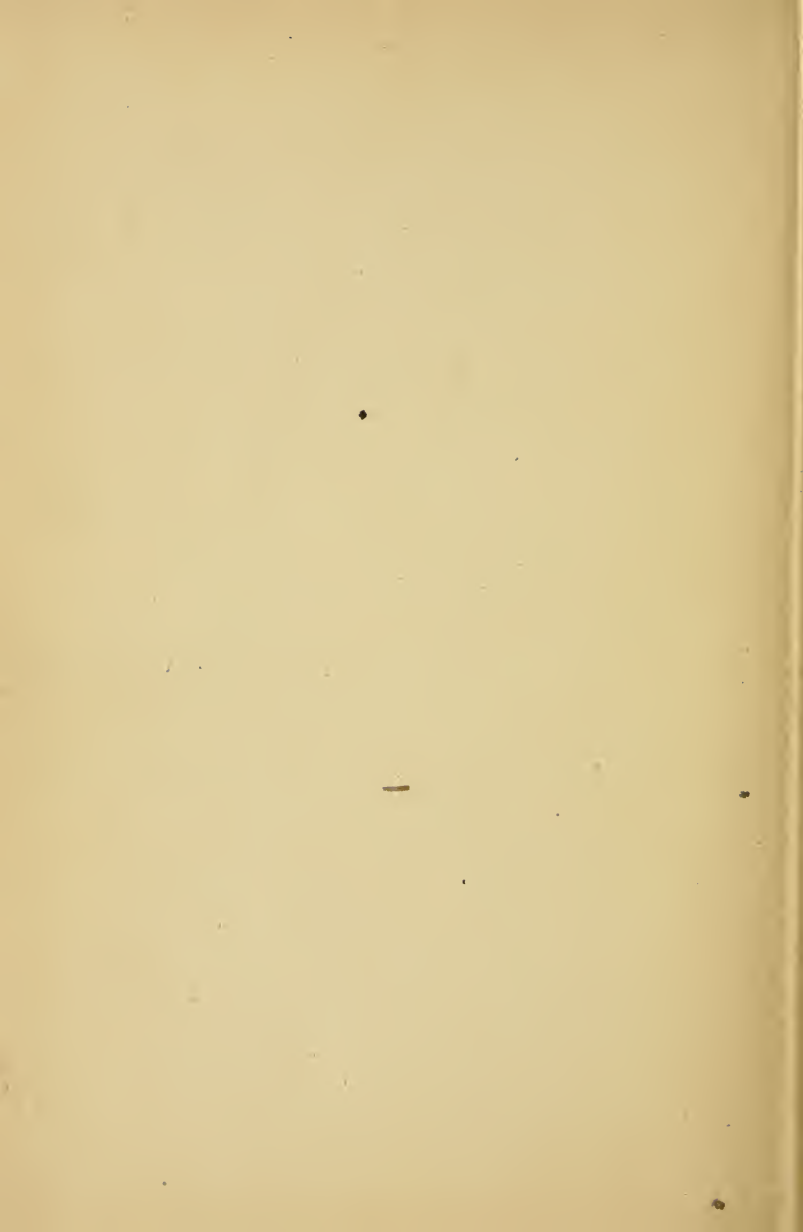
Enough for us that He is good,  
So far as comprehended ;  
And were the rest but understood,  
Our doubts were, doubtless, ended.















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